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THE OTHER CANADA

BY JAMES B. LAMB

Pertinent Comment On Issues
That Affect All Canadians

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THE OTHER CANADA

BY JAMES B. LAMB

LANCELOT PRESS

Windsor, Nova Scotia

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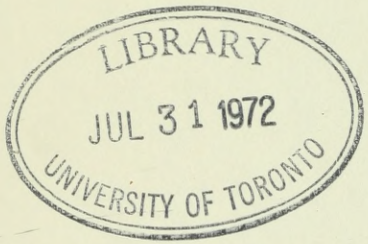

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PREFACE

All too often what purports to be the voice of Canada, as heard in Canadian magazines, metropolitan newspapers or on Canadian radio and television, is actually the voice of that minority of Canadians who live in Toronto and Montreal, where these so-called "national" media are based. Yet for all the enormous growth of these two vast urban sprawls, most Canadians still live in small cities and towns scattered across the face of the land, and the handful of writers and commentators who dominate the metropolitan media do not always reflect the views and attitudes of the people who live on the quiet, tree-shaded streets of cities where life is more pleasant, and freer from urban pressures, than in the teeming anthills of Megalopolis.

Points of view in most such Canadian cities tend to be freer from fashionable philosophies, and more oriented to the realities of life, than in the more artificial environment of the big city, and it is in the hope of giving expression to the outlook of this Voiceless Canada that this collection of comment from the pages of The Daily Packet and Times, a typical small newspaper in Orillia, a typical small Canadian city, is published. Orillia, after all, is "Mariposa, the little town in the sunshine," which Stephen Leacock made the epitome of all Canadian small towns.

As a matter of interest, the editorial "The Canada I Love" was read aloud as the basis of an address by the late General Georges P. Vanier, then Governor-General of Canada, to the annual Press Gallery dinner at Ottawa in 1964.

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CIVILIZATION

PERCY LEGGETT

Percy Leggett, the bearded hermit and tramp who professed to have resigned from the human race, is dead, victim of a highway accident on a darkened road outside Orillia, and thousands of us who never knew him are deeply and strangely saddened. For this weary, tattered but curiously valiant figure, whose clothes and manners and behavior were such an embarrassment to us all, was an embodiment of our conscience, and a reproach to the compromises we have all made to achieve the comfort of conformity in a conformist society. All of us who have ever dreamed of "getting out of the old rat race;" who have secretly envied the waifs and strays sleeping in the sun whom we pass on the way to work; who have forced ourselves into a clean collar and the dreary

formality of a banquet meeting when we would rather have been out on the lake, fishing the evening rise; all we weaklings who have surrendered and made ourselves conform to the wearisome pattern of a shallow society, have envied the Percy Leggetts of this world.

Percy was a man who believed that the world had gone mad, and to the extent that our society, with its insane standards and its hollow gods of status and success, represent the world, he was right. A society which can so enslave man, the supreme creation of endless time with all his aspirations and yearnings and dreams, that he will devote the priceless gift of life to the pursuit of status and gadgetry and material comfort, is surely a system fit only for madmen. It is a truth we all acknowledge deep in our hearts, but we have not the fierce honesty to reject it as Percy Leggett did. The lure of comfort and security are too strong; we make our compromise, smothering the urgings of the heart beneath the logic of the head, but as we march along in step with all our fellows, we look with secret envy at the Percy Leggetts standing by the roadside, watching the human parade go by. Caught up in the serried ranks, marching to the beat of our insistent drums, our heart yet wandered with Percy Leggett along the endless highways, free and untrammelled and honest, and when at last death came to Percy, on the open road just outside the locked doors behind which we lay snug abed, a little of all of us died with him.

Percy Leggett– tramp, exhibitionist, visionary, crank – was but the latest manifestation of a long tradition which has afflicted the conscience of conformist mankind down through the countless centuries. These are the dangerous men, as society has always viewed them; the unsettling, uncompromising men haunted by visions and tormented by dreams who disturb our complacency by their very presence. Diogenes was such a man, and Socrates, too; Buddha and Paul and the nameless friars of medieval Europe, but it is not for them that we mourn Percy Leggett.

Behind the clothes and the conceit, the foolishness and

faddism and fanaticism, lay the gentle humility of One greater than they, for Jesus Christ Himself was just such a wanderer in an uncomprehending world.

June 1965

THE DAY WE TURNED A CORNER

One can seldom predict the significance that historians will attach, in some future age, to the events occurring in one's lifetime, but it may well be that November 5, 1968, will come to be regarded as one of the truly significant dates in the history of the 20th century. For it is becoming ever more evident that the election on that day of Richard Nixon to the presidency of the United States marked a turning point in the chronicle of western civilization, and will rank as one of the decisive moments of contemporary history. It is not the man, his ability or capacity, which are of lasting moment; rather it is what he represents. For by electing a conservative to supreme office the world's most powerful nation officially put an end to a 20-year humanist experiment which was rapidly bearing it, and western civilization itself, toward dissolution, and by doing so it dramatically reversed not just its political attitudes, but the whole spectrum of western thought and behavior. November 5, 1968, marked the beginning of a new era, affecting every aspect of human society, tremendous or trivial, from the prospects for war or peace to obscenity in literature and the theatre; from foreign aid to school discipline to men's hairstyles or women's clothes.

The humanist revolution now ending was born of the disillusionment that followed World War Two, and the revulsion from the unbridled nationalism and authoritarianism

which engendered it. It tolerated no half–measures; the old notions which once inspired a now discredited society – patriotism, faith, decency, respect – were rejected out of hand. Man, it was agreed, was a universal being, sharing a common will to freedom, a common capacity to choose his rulers, to govern his affairs; he should, he must, share a common government in which savage and savant had equal power. Jet propulsion and electronics had made us all citizens of a shared, and suddenly small, planet; it was time to discard outmoded concepts of race and nation,and rejoice in our common brotherhood. Reason was to be the sole arbiter in all human affairs, and indulgence their aim; too long had notions of taste, of morality, of legality hampered a society that should be free. Reason acknowledged no right and wrong; crime was a sickness to be cured, not an offence to be punished. Love is divine, war is evil, therefore make love, not war.

And so, preaching Utopia to an imperfect world, governed always by the fancied ideal rather than the actual reality, the successive humanists who ruled its mightiest nation led the western world to the edge of the abyss. They preached tolerance abroad, while violence flamed at home; advocated world government while nationalism consumed mankind; mapped out multi-nation mergers while federations dissolved, and established nations fissured into regional fragments; proclaimed the new nobility of mankind while crime seized their cities and society slid unchecked into mere animality. Paradoxically, even learning itself withered under the rule of Reason.

There is a new awareness abroad today. Imperceptible, incalculable, more felt than considered, there is nonetheless a mounting wave of impatience rolling around the world; impatience with this endless posturing, this incessant pretence that the world is not as it is, but as we would have it. It is this mounting wave which has swept a new regime into power in the United States, and is flooding

into every aspect of western life, bringing a new regard for the realities of existence to balance our pre-occupation with the ideal. After a long dream that changed imperceptibly to nightmare, western man has awakened to reality.

November 5, 1968. A date to remember.

March 31, 1969

THE NEW BIGOTRY

Thanks to the marvels of instant and universal communication, it is probably fair to say that fewer people today are able to view the world about them with eyes unclouded by prejudice, and to arrive at judgments based on realities rather than on ideological myth, than at any time since the Middle Ages. For although it prides itself on its supposed enlightenment, our society today has been engulfed by a sea of egalitarian nonsense as preposterous as any of the clerical myths and secular superstitions which enshrouded the Dark Ages, and as inhibiting to popular awareness of reality as any dictum of feudal church or state.

The blind belief in the universal efficacy of "one-man, one vote" democracy is as firmly entrenched, and as intolerant of question, as the once universal belief in the divine right of kings. So ingrained is our faith in racially-integrated societies that not even the disastrous and universal racial hatred and conflict it has engendered can bring us to even consider an alternative. No misconception from our medieval past could be clung to with more stubborn obduracy, in defiance of clearly-established fact, than our notion that universal peace is an attainable condition in a world where every living thing is conditioned to conflict, or that

the philosophical ideal of the equality of man infers an equal capacity to manage his affairs in savage and savant.

The martyrdom of medieval heretics by professed servants of the Prince of Peace was no more monstrous a contradiction than the continuing efforts of an Afro-dominated U.N., dedicated to peace, to foment terrorism and endorse any butchery aimed at white regimes. The intolerance of "The New Left," of the college activist or the socialist reformer, is as inherent as that of any ideological zealot of the repressive past; Nazism and Fascism, like Communism, had their origins in leftist movements, for bigotry knows no "Right" or "Left."

The incalculable consequences of our wilful blindness to reality can currently be seen, in milder form, in the insanities of our Rhodesian policy, by which the USA makes itself totally dependent on Russia for its vital supplies of chrome and Britain steadily bankrupts itself in pursuance of an objective that is neither desirable nor attainable.

But although our misconceptions of race and political ideology are reducing society to chaos, at home and abroad, the gravest consequences must attend our failure to comprehend the implications of new discoveries and concepts of the nature of man himself. For the amazing finds in the Olduvai gorge, and the resultant conclusions, of Ardrey and others, that the evolution of Man and civilization itself are dependent ultimately on force, are as shattering in their implications to an ideology oriented to peace as the findings of Copernicus and Galileo were for a society that accepted the world as flat.

September 11, 1969

2

OUR HERITAGE

UNHEEDED HISTORY

If there had been newspapers published in fourth-century Rome, the news they printed would have greatly resembled the sort of events that are being reported in the western world today. At home, there would be the same preoccupation with comfort and pleasure, the same blindness to the increasing violence and ruthlessness of a disintegrating society. Then as now, the state was becoming an increasing burden to the economy, and an all-pervading bureaucracy was stifling the initative and hardihood on which prosperity had originally been founded. A huge underprivileged class, the descendants of slaves, formed a restless and dangerous minority, then as now, in a society in which it had no established place save that of menial service. Abroad, all was chaos in a world in ferment; a world in which, then as now, unity is giving way to faction and universality to regional sectionalism, as the civilising power loses its grip upon emergent tribes resentful of its sway.

The disappearance of the martial spirit at home is matched by a vacillating policy abroad, here placating, there petulant and punitive. The development of new military tactics and sophisticated weaponry coincides in both ages with the decline of a once firm national will and purpose into a distracted policy of mere opportunism. Giantism in administrative matters, anarchy in social attitudes, decay in politics, morality, religion, the arts; the symptoms of a dying civilization are as clearly depicted in a newspaper as in any history book, but are seldom recognised as such by contemporary society. The race riots in Detroit or

Cleveland are of no more significance to us than the troubles in Dacia or Parthia were to the Romans; to us, as to them, the notion that our civilization, for all its passing problems, might someday succumb is quite unthinkable.

It is ideas and ideals, rather than material things, which bind a society together and furnish it with the purpose and sense of destiny needed to spread and sustain its culture. Religious or racial beliefs, political and legal institutions, social or philosophical concepts; it is no matter how valid they may be, provided they are believed by enough people to impart a common purpose and impose a common discipline. When belief wanes, purpose dwindles and society declines, and no civilization can long be sustained by a disintegrating society.

It is the tragedy of our western civilization that, at its high noon of influence, prosperity and technological mastery, we should have lost faith in the beliefs and principles on which our distinctive society is based -- the rule of law, the Christian ethic, and its concomitant belief in individual responsibility and the supremacy of the individual in politics, law and business. It is a concept which is paid only lip service today in an increasingly godless society, dominated by the twin giants of big business and the welfare state. It is ironical that the seeds of disbelief in our destiny should have been sown, in large measure, by the school texts and teachers which, in more barbarous states, are used to inculcate youthful fervor for lesser creeds, to less noble ends.

September 1966

THE FABLE AND THE FACT

Of all the notions which afflict this troubled world, few can have caused such mischief and confusion as the credo, rooted in the Christian ethic, that all men are equal. That all men are created equal, and therefore of equal merit in the sight of God, is now universally accepted as a profound truth and the basis of modern western civilization, with its emphasis on the individual, but it is in the attempt to translate this noblest of principles from the realm of philosophy to that of practical politics that misrepresentation takes over.

For in everything save their common dignity as individuals, their essential worth as unique and distinctive human beings, men are manifestly and demonstrably unequal. However one may choose to measure him – his capacity to endure, to adapt, survive, to govern his own affairs or that of others – one man, or one community of men, is clearly better suited by heredity, environment, physique, and a host of other factors to cope with a challenge than another man or community. To maintain that a Kalahari bushman enjoys equality, in the sight of God as an individual human being, with a Harvard graduate is a profound philosophic truth; to maintain that he is equally capable of managing the affairs of the world is palpable nonsense. It is apparent to everyone that societies at every stage of culture, from the sophisticated space age of Europe and America to the primitive Stone Age of Terra del Fuego, coexist side by side in the world today. They are about as unequal in their technical and cultural accomplishments as it is possible to

be, yet through a mistaken interpretation of the concept of man's equality we pretend that each is entitled to an equal voice in the political management of the world. To maintain that a primitive tribesman, unaware even of the existence of a world beyond the limits of his jungle, is as capable as his sophisticated European or North American contemporary of operating the complex political machinery of a modern nation, is the most arrant and evident nonsense, yet so ingrained is the concept of "one man, one vote," that today we are attempting to do just that. It is this gross distortion of truth, this evasion of reality, which lies at the root of much of the world's tragedy – attempts to make the unworkable work in Africa – and a good deal of it a farce – Tanzania has equal voting privileges with the United Nations Assembly.

Nor is it in politics alone that misconceptions of man's equality work such mischief. For our humanitarian aspirations and our Christian teachings encourage us to project our acceptance of equality into a concept of the universal brotherhood of man. No matter that history shows us that like is ever hostile to unlike; that societies of one skin color have ever been hostile to those of another. No matter that sociologists like Robert Ardrey point out that civilization itself has evolved from such inherent hostility, that strife, not peace, is the normal condition of mankind and the source of all human progress; we are obsessed with the notion that racial tension is unnatural and unusual and altogether unlikely. In accordance with this concept a British government recently admitted to its overcrowded island millions of Pakistanis and West Indians, whose cultures are completely alien to that of a disintegrating English society, and, who, however equal in theory, are doomed in fact to a life of servitude.

The reckoning of all this mistaken and misguided idealism, in terms of human misery, suffering and strife, has yet to be made.

September 8, 1967

DECLINE AND FALL

"When the Roman Eagles retreated across the Danube, it was not the loss of Dacia but the satisfaction of the Roman people at the loss that was the omen of the Empire's fall."

It is a curious experience to be living in the declining years of a great civilization, and to note again how, as one by one the outlying bastions of our world are yielded to barbarism or tyranny, our people cheer each retreat and surrender as a progressive step. Just as the people of Rome regarded their surrendered territories as remote and insignificant, and their loss as a release, so today do we in Europe and America look upon Indonesia, Indo-China, Algeria, Burma, India, and the raw states of black Africa from which the laws and principles and standards of western civilization are vanishing as if they never were.

What we today, like the Romans before us, overlook is that each abandoned colony becomes the base from which the onslaught is mounted on the next. Men from Kenya sparked the revolution in Zanzibar; terrorists from Indonesia murder the peaceful settlers of Malaysia, agents from Cuba foment trouble in Central America. It is only a matter of time before democracy, and the values and precepts for which it stands, will be penned by a hostile continent to the sea coasts of Western Europe, and confronted in America by Russia in the north and Latin America to the south. And as the outer defences of Christendom crumble and fall, so do the inner institutions of our society, once seemingly made to endure forever, crack and dissolve beneath the pressures of a society which has lost faith in its destiny and belief in itself.

A people, once self-governing, become content to be governed; religion is consumed by doubt; the individual engulfed by a monolithic state; business and government

dominated by giantism; the arts become decadent; morality, both public and private, declines. We live in great material comfort amid all the signs of a dying civilization, yet we hail the shrieking gale which erodes everything we most treasure and cherish as "the wind of change", and welcome it as a cleansing and beneficent breeze.

Historians tracing the causes of the decline and fall of Western Civilization will not have far to seek. Two suicidal world wars within 20 years, the most murderous holocausts in human history, have left it physically exhausted and morally bankrupt, and destroyed its belief in the basic principles – the Christian ethic, the supremacy of the individual, the rule of law – upon which its foundations were built. This is the basic cause.

But the immediate cause is more tragic still. For the exhaustion of war left the colonial powers of Europe, and Britain in particular, too weak to discharge their traditional responsibilities abroad, and it entrusted leadership of the West to a United States quite unfitted by experience and unsuited by temperament for its exacting role.

History will mark the debacle that followed, and is still continuing, as the most incredible instance of suicidal and sustained folly ever recorded, as a civilization of its own will, and as an act of deliberate policy, dismembered itself and abandoned its outposts, one by one, to anarchy and tyranny. No depraved and indulgent Roman Emperor hastened the decay of imperial greatness with half such headlong haste as have a succession of American administrations which, vacillating between fawning appeasement and petulant belligerence, have forced the withdrawal of civilizing powers from a host of Asian and African nations, and have connived at their replacement by the tribal despots and sleazy dictators who now menace the survival of democracy itself. It is a sad, strange ending to one of mankind's noblest stories, and one whose last chapters, barring a dramatic resurgence of western leadership are already begun.

February 24, 1964

OUR FORGOTTEN HERITAGE

We Canadians are the fortunate few. In all the long history of mankind, no other people has ever attained so high a degree of liberty, comfort and security with the expenditure of so little sacrifice and bloodshed, for we have been the fortunate inheritors of a system of laws, tenets and traditions forged in other times in other places, and bought with the sacrifice of other men. Yet so heedless have we become of this priceless heritage that Canadians searching for new means of national expression regard its heraldic symbols as inappropriate to their national flag.

We have permitted a whole new generation to come of age which has no conception of its origins, nor any appreciation of the value of the institutions which it accepts as no more than its due, yet which represent some of the noblest creations of the human spirit and genius. The right to govern oneself, the supremacy of the individual, our whole range of liberties and standards of human dignity were bequeathed to us by a society much older than our own, and it was as a proud acknowledgement of this heritage and its incorporation in our new society that British and French symbols were first included in our flag. It is not without significance that the new maple leaf flag represents nothing whatever of this country's origins, for many Canadians today know so little of them that they seem to regard Canada as a creation of their own, a nation born yesterday. The shallow flag is a reflection of the heedless Canadian.

Since an awareness of its past is an essential to any nation with hopes for its future, surely it must ensure that no new generation is allowed to reach maturity without an appreciation of its origins. Too many Canadians regard the British as greedy imperialists, the French as effete peasants, the Americans as commercial exploiters. We must teach such people how our country was first carved out of a savage

wilderness by the hardihood of Frenchmen; how our society was founded and sustained by British seapower, which kept Canada, the richest prize in a lawless world, inviolate through two turbulent centuries. Our language, our laws, our political and educational institutions; indeed, almost all aspects of our society, were a legacy from the British which now we seem determined to ignore.

Yet if the British made us free, it was the Americans who made us rich. It was American capital which converted the latent asset into the actual; which founded new industries; built new towns, provided great new markets, which changed a foreign power into the helpful family next door, a strong and generous neighbor whom many Canadians today would have us regard with envy and supicion.

In heaven's name, let there be light. This country has a history of progress and enterprise, of generosity and enlightenment almost without parallel among the nations of the world. In our eagerness to make our mark in the future, let us not be forgetful of our debt to the past, nor to the nations whose friendship, past and present, has brought us so far so fast.

June 1967

A PLACE FOR PAGEANTRY

It is the peculiar genius of the British people to invest their state occasions with ceremonial pageantry of great beauty, and to express the nation's greatness, pride and purpose in moving and magnificent spectacle. It is a gift, evolved over centuries of unbroken experience, which no other nation has yet equalled, and its value in instilling a sense of national identity and an appreciation of the British heritage was never better exemplified that in the investure ceremonies this week in Wales, where Britain's future king was presented to the world against a stunning backdrop of

more than a thousand years of history.

It is fashionable in many circles today to denigrate the role of the monarchy as an outworn anachronism; despite every evidence to the contrary, a presidency has a more democratic ring in an envious, and aggressively egalitarian age. Yet the world is rapidly learning that a president elected by a fraction of the populace, and necessarily a partisan politician himself, is far too controversial and ephemeral an institution to be an acceptable embodiment of the national will. The British concept of a monarch who reigns but does not rule has given us a national continuity independent of transient governments. Premiers fail, parties falter, but the monarchy, and with it the nation, moves forward undeterred above the shock and turmoil of politics. Such a system entails a reversal of the old concept of the ruler and the ruled; Canada's sovereign today is a servant of the state she purports to rule, and her whole life, and that of her children, must be lived according to standards which bind more rigidly, and in circumstances more cruelly exacting, than those endured by the least of her subjects.

To assume such a burden, to literally give one's life to the service of the state, to endure the mindless criticism, the envy of the ignorant, the hypocrisy of the censorious, all without complaint, calls for a dedication and strength of charactor rarely to be found.

It is our great good fortune that such qualities seem to characterise Charles, Prince of Wales, our future king. A most engaging young man, he is the son of a singularly dedicated mother and a most remarkable father, and he exhibits something of the character and charm to be expected of such heritage. His father is, by any standard, a most notable figure, a unique and gifted personality who would have been outstanding in any field he chose to enter, and Charles reflects both his father's breadth of interest and his mother's quiet dedication.

Millions of readers, viewers and listeners were touched by the spectacle of this slim young man taking the first step along the hard and lonely road of monarchy. Who, watching him, could fail to wish him well, to congratulate his parents

on so fine a son, and to echo, with real affection, the cry: "God Bless The Prince of Wales!"

July 3, 1969

WITHOUT A CROWN

The long, often furtive but always deliberate campaign waged by a succession of Liberal governments to divest Canada of its last ties with the traditional monarchy, was culminated recently by Prime Minister Trudeau's deletion of any reference to Queen or Commonwealth at the opening of Parliament. This studied slight made an anachronism of the so-called Speech from the Throne, but years of denigration had done their work, and the insult, which once would have roused the indignation of Canadians from coast to coast, passed without comment.

It is a curious paradox that the liberal establishment which now dominates almost every aspect of Canada's political, educational, artistic and journalistic activity, and which is so quixotically anti-American in its every attitude, should have been the instrument to divest this country of the one institution which comprised its principal difference from its great neighbor. There is surely irony in the spectacle of these professed super-Canadians destroying the last symbol which for so long conferred a distinctive Canadian identity, for the concept of parliamentary monarchy was the principal difference which sundered Canadians from the great mass of their fellow North Americans. Is it, perhaps, poetic justice that the bitter Canadian intellectualism which satirizes Americans as "The New Romans", should be the means of Americanising this country?

Given the background of geographic, economic and military pressures in a world of power politics, it was inevitable that Canada would become, first a satellite, then an

integral part, of the enormous neighbor with whom she shares a common language, culture and outlook. Yet for all of that there is something sad about her progressive adandonment of a concept of constitutional monarchy which was perhaps the most precious part of her unique heritage, in favor of the sort of "personality cult" one-man rule that has become as fashionable with the New Left of today as it once was with the extreme Right yesterday.

September 24, 1968

3

O CANADA

THE CANADA I LOVE

I love Canada.

Maclean's Magazine assures me that no Canadian loves his country, and a thousand critics inform me that there is no such thing as a Canadian, no separate and distinct Canadian identity.

I am one.

Politicians and pundits assure me that there is no Canadian flag, no Canadian national anthem, but I am content with our flag, a sort of red ensign with the Canadian coat of arms in the fly, and I am always moved when a good band plays "the Queen," but I could learn to stand up for "O Canada," too.

I love Canada.

There are people like Rene Levesque and Marcel Chaput who alternately assail me for oppressing my French Canadian brothers and threaten me with a promise to pull Quebec out of confederation, but I have been shipmates with Johnny

Bernatchez and drank with the Van Doos and kissed Ghislaine Gagnon and voted for St. Laurent and saluted George Vanier and cheered Jean Beliveau, and I know they're Canadians, too. We both learn each other's language, and though their English and my French might be a bit shaky in spots, we're none the worse for that.

I love Canada.

The Americans think I'm a Limey and the English think I'm a Yank, but I feel wise and superior in the States and young and vigorous in England, and I wouldn't trade my country for both of them. Oh, I know the Americans have more money and the British have more poise, but I like to think that Canadians combine the best features of both their ways of life.

I love Canada.

Our politics are dull and our sports bush league, but you can't beat the beer or the air. Oh, there are Nathan Cohen and the Argos and Gordon Sinclair and Real Caouette but you have to take the rough with the smooth, same as anywhere else.

Torontonians think Canada lies south of Muskoka between the Humber and the Bluffs, but I have crossed the Yukon and trod the lonely beaches of the Queen Charlottes, felt the Chinook's warm breath across the prairie snow, boiled lobster above the Fundy tideline and picked blueberries on the bare hills above St. John's. It is a magnificent country, the most richly varied in climate and scene in all the world, home of a vigorous and warm-hearted people, a country to be proud of.

I am a Canadian. Are there any more like me?

March 5, 1964

FAINT HEARTS AND APATHY

If there is one place where we Canadians feel most at home, it is in the middle of the road. We are surely the ultimate concensus nation; to be a "moderate" in all things has become a fetish with us and we tend to distrust anyone who advocates any course too forcefully, or who commits himself wholeheartedly to any point of view. We confuse our apathy with tolerance, and parade it as a virtue. We are indeed, a nation of the uncommitted; it is typical of us that we should be attempting to deal simultaneously with Peking and Taiwan, with Cuba and Washington. We deplore Russia's rape of the Czechs, but can't get enough of its hockey team. Our politics are insufferably dull, because we are temperamentally incapable of adopting any strong and forthright stand, or of supporting one should it be made. Compromise is the supreme Canadian virtue, and the Canadian politician is traditionally committed to nothing, his policies always subject to negotiation. Canada is Mackenzie King.

We feign belief in everything, but we are convinced of nothing. We think ourselves Christian, but would be embarrassed if asked to define our religious beliefs, which are vaguely opposed to the more exotic forms of sin but which shy away from any spiritual commitments or moral disciplines. Canada is the United Church.

Canadians set great store by such fuzzy terms as "progress" and "peace", and subscribe vaguely to such concepts as equality and brotherhood and the efficacy of talk as a cure-all for any situation, however complex. War, of course, is a no-no, but then so is death itself; all Canadians believe, secretly, that they'll live forever. Canada is United Nations Day.

Canadians envy their American neighbors, but are not prepared to work as hard; this makes us feel morally

superior. Cadillacs are too crass for the timid Canadian taste, yet we hanker after vulgar American style and comfort. Canada is a Meteor sedan.

We have a queen, but we're no longer a dominion; we owe our identity to the British (which we try to forget) whose victory (uncelebrated) was won by a general, to whom no statue may be raised. The French were beaten, but it is bad manners to mention it, and now we Canadians, to make amends, must pretend to be bilingual, although the country formed by our two great races studiously avoids reflecting this union in its flag. Canada is the maple leaf.

We think capitalism and vote socialism; rely for our military safety on the Americans, yet feel free to censor them as warmongers. We prattle about Our Destiny and about how the future belongs to us, but we have neither the guts nor the gumption to accept the responsibilities and disciplines and the hard choices that go with leadership, nor the strong convictions which make men and nation great. There's no glory in the middle of the road, but there's a sense of security, and if we all huddle here together maybe the lightning will never strike us. Canada is noncommitment, mutual investment funds and Front Page Challenge for fun; the True North, strong and free!

February 17, 1969

THE CANADA WE'VE LOST

It may come as a shock to many Canadians to realize that the old lady whose hundredth birthday they are preparing to celebrate has somehow quietly expired, unnoticed in all the hubbub of preparation. For the sovereign nation of Canada, born 1867, is now, alas, no more. Historians like George Grant, in his "Lament for a Nation," can pinpoint the progress of the final, fatal illness, beginning in

1940 with Mr. King and ending with the last gasp in 1963 under Mr. Pearson, but this is mere academic nicety. The plain fact is, the sovereign nation has gone; in its place is Canada the branch plant adjunct of the United States, a satellite province of the dynamic American empire. Our economy is controlled from, our defence policy dictated by, our whole society become a mere projection of, the United States. The institutions, outlooks and mannerisms which we fondly regard as the hallmarks of our distinctive Canadian way of life now constitute no greater a variation from the American norm than the regional differences which separate New England, say, from California.

There is assuredly no mystery about what killed the young nation of Canada. Canadians, or at least the handful of politicians, civil servants, wealthy businessmen who direct our destinies, saw the economic advantages of becoming a "branch plant" satellite of the United States, and eagerly accepted the loss of national identity which was the price of affluence. British ties and traditions, once fashionable among our power elite, are now no longer in style, and with the passing of the British tradition the old west-to-east pattern of trade and loyalty which was the sole reason for Canada's separate existence has disappeared.

The loss of their way of life has passed unnoticed by many Canadians because traces of it still linger in the smaller cities and towns, where men still speak of "the Old Country"; tip their hats to ladies, and are addressed by children as "sir." But in the larger cities the branch-plant culture is in full flood; young men in tight trousers and horn rims speak the jargon of Wall Street and Madison Avenue and, saleswise, things are booming. The street anarchy, the senseless violence, the dreary banality of city life, U.S. style, with its "beats" and beatings, has not yet quite taken over, but it is on its way; in the sticks everything lags behind a bit.

Yet Canada is but the latest victim of the amoral dynamism of systematized greed which is smothering all local cultures, making men and their lands and lives the same the world over; which has put coca-cola in Kyoto, popcorn in Papeete, and glass-tiled towers above Westminster Abbey. We have been

engulfed by a society which views all change as progress, and confounds mere technological improvement with human advance. It is a society which has, godlike, created a man-made star and hung it high in the shrieking void above earth's firmament, then used it to reflect hillbilly television shows to mindless masses huddled on the far side of the world.

For better or worse, we are now ourselves an American satellite, the bush-league backyard of the United States. Ahead lie the affluence, the banality, the violence of the American way of life, and the ferocious continental rivalries leading downward to the nuclear abyss. And although it seems but yesterday we left that parochial, innocent and charming land that was Canada The Nation, it is now in truth as lost and lovely as any Atlantis.

October 1966

THE POOR CANADIANS

This month a government agency suddenly discovered that there are poor people, living right here in Canada, and the country is still reverberating from shock. It is difficult to say whether surprise or indignation is the more general reaction; certainly the Canadian public seems to regard this revelation as a sort of personal affront.

Nothing could be more indicative of the "airy-fairy" atmosphere in which the government policy-makers operate, nor of the remoteness of public attitudes from harsh reality in this country, than the furore stirred by the recent statement of the Canadian Welfare Council on the existence of poverty, both rural and urban, in Canada. For the incredible fact is that most Canadians tend to look upon their country as a sort

of super-suburbia, an enormous Don Mills populated by young married couples still working on a second car to go with the family Pontiac. There is no past in this forward-thinking, success-oriented community, and age is merely a matter of blue rinses and retirement portfolios; poverty is a condition that belongs in the Casbah or the paddy-field, not here among the split-levels.

But of course it has been right here with us all along. It peers wryly at us from those picturesquely-dilapidated back streets, so beloved of the big-city artist; it huddles into its denims in those quaint little fishing ports and in pine-shaded shanties in the summer cottage belt, or grubs for existence in the shallow soil of backroad concessions. But because it does not fit into the wall-to-wall, chrome-plated, fully-automatic Canadian dream, with stock options and full credit privileges, we have just pretended it was never there.

Indeed, we have done more than simply ignore poverty; we have reared back and legislated her right out of existence; just like that! And it is because poverty in Canada today is considered illegal, or at least downright improper, that proof of its continued presence is so disturbing.

It has been a painful experience for we Canadians, but then contact with harsh fact so often is and there will be other shocks in store for us before we can consider ourselves a nation at grips with reality. We, who piously pretend to believe in universal peace, must learn to accept conflict as the natural condition of man. We must learn that the security we seek is an illusion in an insecure world; that our vaunted civilization, like the thousand others before it, must inevitably succumb, and is already crumbling at the corners. And when we can finally recognize that all of us are doomed to die, even as others before us, then perhaps we Canadians will see ourselves, beneath our pathetic facade of glitter and gloss, as men and women born to love and hate, to know pain and pleasure, birth and death, poverty and wealth, and can accept our place as a proud and proven people in the wondrous pageant of time.

January 1968

THE CITY-SICKNESS

It is time Canadians became aware of the declining quality of life enjoyed by a growing proportion of our population as a result of the uncontrolled growth of urban sprawl about our half-dozen megalopolises. The fact is today that only those Canadians fortunate enough to live in the towns and small cities of the country are able to enjoy the rich and varied life which Canadians once accepted as their birthright, while a majority of their contemporaries are doomed to an existence of increasing frustration and deprivation in the urban antheaps of swollen supercities.

Paradoxically, the growing wealth and improving material standard of living which Canada currently enjoys aggravate, rather than ameliorate, the condition. More and more Canadians, drawn by the exigencies of business and the lure of better-paying jobs, have flocked to the half-dozen regional metropolises which have been allowed to dominate the nation's economic life. A policy of heedless concentration, rather than the decentralization which would have spread the nation's industrial growth more widely across the land, has brought to this sparsely-settled country all the hideous urban problems normally associated with overpopulation; overcrowding, pollution, inconvenience, and above all, an appalling human environment. This lovely land has become disfigured by ugly urban sores, and the sickness which they have engendered is robbing Canadians of the happy, well-rounded life which should be the birthright of every native of this magnificent country.

In a very real sense, the teeming cities have become the jungles of our modern society, spawning a violence and animalism which is gnawing at the heart of civilized standards, while over the enormous wastelands of suburbia, those soul-destroying miles of bungalows and carlots and supermarkets, boredom hangs in an almost visible miasma.

Only in the smaller communities, beyond the taint of the great urban sores, does daily life retain the dignity and flavor appropriate to human society, as contrasted with the aimless, jostling scurry of the anthill and the beehive. In Canada's smaller centres, the full spectrum of social amenities is available to all, from uncrowded golf courses to little theatre groups, from Rotary to sailing clubs. The difference between going fishing or gardening after the day's work, instead of battling traffic on a freeway, is the essential difference between living and existing, and it is a difference of which more and more Canadians are becoming keenly aware. For the truth is that it is the quality of the life one leads, rather than the size of one's bank account or the gadgets one has accumulated, which is the true measure of human wealth. By such standards, far too many Canadians are poor indeed, of a poverty which destroys not only the flavor of life itself, but which is eroding the character of the Canadian people.

It is time to halt the uncontrolled spread of our urban sores, and permit Canadians everywhere to share in the economic growth of the country without forfeiting the traditional Canadian way of life. New industry must not be allowed to locate in areas already soured by over-industrialization.

December 3, 1969

CHALLENGE IN THE SUN

In the dazzling West Indian sunshine, gay with bands and bunting and beer, the people of the little Windward and Leeward islands are celebrating yet another of a series of "Independence Days" as they group and regroup into still more shaky federations and affiliations. Yet for all the puff and pomp, there is a sort of pathos to these occasions, for no patriotic pretence can hide the inescapable fact that

these little islands are incapable by themselves of maintaining, let alone improving on, even the modest standards formerly enjoyed under a colonial regime. To the winter tourist, it may be merely a matter of increasing dirt and shabbiness where once was immaculate neatness, but the rot goes deeper than just dirty washrooms or dingy airport lobbies. For behind the "constables and cricket" facade left behind by the departing British and the bright new hotels and bars brought in by American capital lies growing social malaise, racial resentment, economic chaos, administrative corruption and political demagoguery. As the British pull out, the West Indies are going down the drain.

The plain fact is that the island environment is unable to produce an adequate native managerial class; the few bright young prospects which the limited island educational facilities produce either escape to greener fields in Britain and America or become lawyers and go into politics, to jostle for a place at the public trough. The good hotels and the efficient businesses have, almost without exception, always been run by white managers so that they are largely unaffected by the withdrawal of competent British administrators, but the police, civil service, and above all, the governments of these newly-independent islands are falling apart. For example, the chief minister of one island installed his wife as Minister of Education, although she could neither read or write.

Encouraged by the British and by junketing politicians and feature writers on the resort circuit, Canada is contemplating a new role in the Caribbean; the climate is superb, the tourist potential unlimited. But behind the sea and scenery are problems literally insoluble; economic, social, political. The paradoxes are endless; a people conditioned to tedious toil but incapable of sustaining the diligent pace of the 20th century, a fervent piety allied to total amorality in politics, business or marital life. Squalor is indigenous; the world's most gorgeous flowers can be grown without care or expense, but most natives prefer to squat among rusting tins and refuse.

Investing money in public works is like pouring money

down a rathole; the magnificent deep-water berth given by Canada, at a cost of millions, as a gift to St. Vincent to lower the cost of imports to the island has been appropriated by local monopolists and has raised, rather than lowered, the cost of everything coming in. In addition, it put all the lightermen and their families out of work and raised the crime rate, so that Canada's gift has made rich men richer, poor men poorer, put some in prison and many more in the breadline.

Yet for all this, Canada for its own sake should tackle the Caribbean problems. We are the most naive of nations because we are the most spoiled and sheltered; we must assume responsibility if we are to build strong national character. It was the challenge of administering an empire that made England great, and closer acquaintance with racial differences, corruption, poverty, inefficiency and inertia should quickly disabuse us of some of the high-flown notions which set Canadians apart from more experienced peoples.

It will cost us endless amounts of money, exasperation and heartburning, but the West Indies could just make a real nation of us after all.

March 17, 1967

4

THE WORLD ABOUT US

THE CALL OF THE WILD

Last night, the geese flew over the lake on their way south. Against the grey, ragged wisps of cloud, lit by a misty moon, the long, wavering wedges drove steadily southward, and on the chill night air the sound of their honking was like a voice from another world. For those long grey wedges, and the eternal call which drove them ever southward, were as remote from the petty world of man as the wintry stars beyond.

That gabbling honk of a moonlit night catches at the very heart of the citydweller in the teeming streets beneath. It conjures a vision in his mind's eye of far northern lakes,

pale and cold under the full moon's eye; of the silent forests of pine, and of the deep snows and bitter cold of the great north woods. That wild, ethereal honking has filled the skies each autumn for all the countless centuries back into the shadowy mists of time, as the great goose, the noblest bird of them all, followed its immemorial course from north to south, to return again only with the first warmth of spring.

There is a message for all of us in that call. It is a reminder of man's true place in the scheme of things, and of the infinite and mysterious world in which he moves. In this age of nuclear power, of jet propulsion, of space satellites and moon rockets, we tend to forget, in our strivings to reach another planet, our vast ignorance of the motivations and methods which regulate life on this one.

What compass steers the migrating flocks, or the solitary pigeon, on their vast journeys across the skies of the world? By what magic does the salmon return, from the depths of the great oceans, to the stream bed far inland, half a world away, where it first saw the light of day? What prompts the lowly eel, one of the earth's most primitive creatures, to journey tirelessly from its farm pond home across the illimitable streams and oceans to spawn in the Sargasso Sea? What unerring instinct brings the familiar robin back each spring from its southern home to the same homely nest beside the kitchen door?

To know the answer to these, and to the countless other mysteries with which nature achieves its ends, is to comprehend the secret of life itself. Armed with the science of a thousand generations, and prompted by an inquisitive brain, man has solved some of nature's riddles and turned them to his own advantage. But in relation to the vast realm of the unknown all about him, the area of the known is small indeed. In an age when man seems to have developed a somewhat overblown concept of himself and his powers, it is well for us to remember our relative insignificance in the world and the universe.

And if for a moment you venture from your fireside these chill autumn nights, the chances are you'll hear, far above you, the breath-catching sound of distant honking borne on the wings of the wind.

It is a sound as old as time itself; it is the very voice of Nature, the eternal Call of the Wild.

October 30, 1964

SOULLESS BUILDINGS

It is fashionable today for admirers of our modern, box-like buildings to claim that these stark pyramids express the spirit of the age in which we live, and that modern architecture, freed from the shackles of the past, is only now taking full advantage of the new methods and materials available. The unrelieved plainness, the harsh, straight lines, the masses of concrete and glass are described in such euphemisms as "purity," "simplicity," or that old reliable "functionalism." What the Gothic cathedral was to the Middle Ages or the Wren Church to the Restoration, the apartment house or the office block is to our own time, we are told; architecture has simply adapted itself to changing needs and materials and these new structures are as lovely to the unprejudiced eye as any pinnacled palace or colonnaded college of the past.

This, of course, is utter nonsense. These vast cartons squatting on their beetle-like legs, these staring stacks of glass and chrome, these concrete filing cabinets may be outre, striking, perhaps awesome, but few of them could be called beautiful. Yet aesthetics apart, it is impossible to compare them artistically with the creations of other times simply because the conditions that influence building today have completely changed from what they were.

The palaces, the cathedrals, the public and private buildings of one kind or another which were built in past ages were each the creation of a single architect, commissioned by groups of men to fashion a building for their own specific use, whether it were as a brewery or a belltower. The architect designed a building for that specific purpose, and the character

of its intended use was reflected in the building together with the architect's own striving for effect. Such a marriage of art to purpose resulted in buildings of character, often charm; occasionally, when the architect's talent verged on genius, it achieved surpassing beauty.

Today, with the flowering of the rental empire, this simple partnership of patron and architect has quite disappeared. Today's office blocks and apartment houses are commissioned by soulless development companies for the use of unknown occupants, and designed by architectural firms, not an architect. Troops of clerks and draughtsmen prepare the plans which are usually simply a projection of countless other similar plans, for one office tower, one apartment block, one supermarket, is essentially very like another.

The purpose of the builder, too has changed. Floorspace, not effect is the object and rental profit is the all-pervading purpose, so that tier is stacked on tier to ensure maximum return for the expensive ground area required. We no longer create buildings, we enclose floorspace.

The vaunted austerity of much of our modern building stems primarily from the natural reluctance of the rental firm to indulge in expensive ornamentation for which there is no corresponding financial return, but it is also due in part to the dearth of the skilled craftsmen who once made possible much of the beauty of our buildings. Carvers of wood or stone, gilders and glazers and plasterers; the craftsmen of another day are with us no more, and with them has passed one of the loveliest expressions of man's genius.

In their superficial reflection of the taste of the moment at the expense of more enduring qualities, in their total lack of distinctive character. in their complete and utter dedication to maximum dollar return, our modern temples to the rental dollar are as accurate a reflection of the standards of our age as the medieval cathedrals, the "prayers in stone," are of theirs.

July 25, 1964

FOR THE BIRDS

Beware the Jabberwock, my son–
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!
Lewis Carroll

Perhaps a good many residents of Simcoe County might not sleep so soundly if they were aware that Knots and Dunlin have been seen in the vicinity, or that they might one day round a corner in some solitary area to find themselves suddenly face to face with an angry Pomarine Jaeger!

It's true! Too true! The county is infested with any number of shadowy monsters with unlikely names; the wily Willett, for instance; the Marbled Godwit, the unspeakable Common Scoter, and presiding over the whole raffish crew, the dominating figure of the King Rail!

So, at least, the centennial directory of The Birds of Simcoe County informs us; this fascinating book, just published by the Brereton Field Naturalists club and compiled by O. E. Devitt, is not only an essential guide to any local naturalist but it is a bottomless mine of information to the casual reader, who will find the most desultory dip into its contents rewarded with some nugget of exciting nomenclature.

The imagination reels at the images conveyed by the startling names of these creatures; can these indeed be but mere birds? The common Gallinule, of course, one sees as a vulgar, rather tatty clutch of brown feathers, while the Bufflehead one instinctively knows to be a mere buffoon, a sort of chuckleheaded clown. But what is one to make of the sinister Sora (Porzana Carolina) listed as a regular summer resident and presumably lounging around the corner store, preening its sideburns and whistling at the girls? One averts one's gaze from the description of his coarse breeding habits, listed in detail in the

book; indeed, in its frank disclosure of the sexual eccentricities of what are, after all, county residents and one's neighbours, the book bids fair to supplant Peyton Place. One notes with relief that the Lesser Scaup "breeds sparingly," and one resists the impulse to see what the Greater Scaup is up to.

The Common Scoter is a shabby square, obviously, but what a swinger that Surf Scoter must be; one pictures him, tanned and confident, lounging about the beach with the chicks of the surfing crowd.

And what a boon this marvellous book is for the mere layman who so often finds himself, baffled and speechless, in the company of avid birdwatchers. Think what an impression he may achieve, during a lull in conversation, by a casual reference to the Thick-Billed Murre, the Short-Billed Dowitcher or the superbly-named Rufous-Sided Towhee. He can feel properly Blimpish by describing those jovial fellows, the Gadwall and the Ruddy Turnstone, or he may prefer a more simple mention of the austere Veery or, most modest of all, the Least Bittern.

It's a bird! It's a plane! It's Wilson's Phalarope!

December 9, 1967

POWER IN THE PACIFIC

We are experiencing today the beginnings of a momentous shift in the balance of world power; nothing less than the emergence of the Pacific as a "world lake" rivalling, and destined to outstrip, the Atlantic nations as the chief repository of power.

Japan is emerging as the new colossus, ready to step into the power vacuum left by the Far East pull-out of Britain, the former stabilising power, and her burgeoning industrial might heralds a resurgence of that Eastern wealth and strength

which bedazzled the West right up until the industrial revolution, and the emergence of 19th century western technology.

The present achievements and future potential of Japan, China, Taiwan, and the city-states of Singapore and Hong Kong are little understood in the west, but they indicate that the East is already surpassing the west in the employment of technology and industrial processes. Japan, for instance, has become the leading steel-exporting nation in all the world, yet it has neither coal nor iron! It is the third industrial power in the world, and its economy is expanding at a rate surpassing that of any other country. According to the World Bank, this nation, which a generation ago was utterly destitute and devastated, has already surpassed the wealth and economic power of the imperious de Gaulle's France, and will have doubled France's world weight in less than a decade. Within eight years Japan will have a per capita income equal to that of western Europe, and when one considers the size of Japan's teeming population one can appreciate the enormous strength of this new Pacific colossus.

China, once it has steadied away from its lunatic Mao phase, is expected to follow the economic road already travelled so successfully by Japan; indeed, Japan will likely play a major part in such development, since China represents the logical market for Japan's exploding industry. Before the end of the century, China is confidently expected to exert five or six times the world weight of Japan.

All this development, present and future, is of the most profound significance to Canada, itself a Pacific power. For the emergence of the Pacific as the dominant focal point of world power will bring enormous changes to established patterns of Canadian trade. A nation traditionally facing east across the Atlantic towards its European origins, dependent upon European allies in the time of war and European markets in time of peace, must develop instead a westward-looking Pacific policy of increasing importance. As the Maritimes were the key to our progress and prosperity in the past, and

the eastern heartland in the present, so will our western seaboard become the key to our future.

Go west, young man, go west.

February 21, 1968

STRIKES IN SPACE AGE

Is it not surprising that a civilization so sophisticated that it can land a rocket on the moon, put a car in every garage or lengthen the life span of its every citizen, cannot evolve a substitute for the strike as a means of resolving labor disputes? Can there be anything more ludicrous than the spectacle of the trade of an entire nation being strangled because a handful of shipowners and union leaders are a few cents apart in their notion of what a seaman's hourly wage should be? Is there anything more ridiculous than the situation of half a continent being turned topsyturvy because a longshoreman's leader suffers from dyspepsia, or a railroad president is too irritable to concede another cent to a bothersome union?

In the highly-integrated economy of today, the strike is the most senseless and wasteful and damaging action which the law condones, doing far more harm and costing vastly more than such minor disasters as fire and storm, earthquake and hurricane. Strikes take money out of every pocket in the land, dislocate entire economies, ruin whole nations, yet they are tolerated as inevitable by an apathetic majority and venerated as a sort of divine manifestation by the organized minority. They are the western counterpart of India's sacred cows, free to wreak what damage they will, enjoying the immunity of the sacrosanct.

Why does a 20th-century society tolerate this survival from the stone age of labor relations? In an era when universities

include industrial relations as part of their curriculum, when the ranks of both labor and management are filled with highly-trained professional men, skilled in the arts of personnel relations, why haven't those high-powered executives evolved a more practical way of resolving differences in the fields of pay and working conditions in which they share a common responsibility?

It is certainly not because there is any particular magic, any great matter of principle involved in the strike. Like Topsy, it "jest growed;" in the early days of labor organizations, the only effective way workmen had to register their claim for betterment of their lot was to withhold their labor from their employer, and so the strike was born.

But the world has rolled on, and society has changed out of all recognition since those far-off days. To pretend that the enormously sophisticated world of labor and management today is unchanged from the era of the Tolpuddle martyrs is to evade reality, but this in fact is what today's well-salaried, university-educated, expense account labor officials are professing when they advocate retention of the strike as labor's principal weapon.

It is long since time that society in general, and the millions of men and women in trade unions in particular, insisted that labor relations be brought into the 20th century, and that industrial disputes be settled by methods less wasteful to those involved and less ruinous to those who are not. In the Space Age, the strike is as obsolete as the cave-man's club.

5

THE CLASH OF ARMS

LILI MARLENE

"Underneath the lantern, by the barrack gate. ."

If you're one of the many who did a hitch in one service or another in World War Two, the chances are that one of the few pieces of music which can make you come over all dewy-eyed and nostalgic, particularly if you've a drink or two inside you, is Lili Marlene.

You're not alone, of course; in nightspots all over the world, middle-aged men fall silent and stare unseeing at the floor, awash in a sea of memories, when some husky-voiced chanteuse cradles the microphone and starts to sing that old, enthralling song that still haunts us all. No matter what service, or even what side, you were with – German, British, French, Canadian or Yank; army, navy or air force – if you had a piece of any of that action back in the mid-40's, you remember Lili, all right. In the desert, in the North Atlantic; above all, at Normandy and after, Lili Marlene was OUR song, and Lale Andersen the girl who sang it for us. More than Vera Lynn or Connie Boswell, that honey-voiced German singer was the voice of the troops, our own Lili Marlene, the only thing on those propaganda broadcasts worth listening to. ITMA was for fun and Mailcall was for swing, but Lili Marlene was for everything else; love and home and loneliness, nostalgia for a lost past and yearning for an elusive future, but above all – your girl. However hard and bitter your lot, however lonely, miserable or terrifying your world, Lili sang just for you –

"Resting in a billet, just behind the line;

Even though we're parted, your lips are close to mine – "

Somewhere back in that half-forgotten world, you were remembered; you were loved, someone waited for you; somewhere beyond this cold, hard war was warmth and softness and peace –

It was all an illusion, of course, as you found when the war

was over; life had moved on back home, and your girl with it, and Churchill's "sunlit uplands" you'd yearned for so long were lost behind an Iron Curtain and blotted out by the Age of Affluence and the permissive society, and you buried your dreams and now you jostle with the rest of the pigs for your share of status and security and anything else that passes for success.

Sometime, somewhere though, you'll hear that old song again; there's a new recording by Lale Andersen that they play a lot on FM these days. Her voice is harder now, and she sings without feeling, but the old words – in French, English and German – and the haunting melody still work their magic. They'll penetrate that expensive suiting, and that sleek, successful shell you present to the world, and work the old wonders on the forgotten boy hidden deep within, flooding you suddenly with memories of that nightmare time when you moved through the ruins of a toppling world, linked in a closed comradeship by shared experience and a fiercely professional pride, wary of outward show yet sustained by the hot idealism of youth.

Listen to Lale; how many pain-wrenched partings, on platforms and piersides; how many treasured letters, how many tattered snapshots, how many yearning dreams she still evokes!

"I see you again where the lamplight streams,
Your sweet face seems
To haunt my dreams – "

March 6, 1968

SERVICE ABOVE SELF

It is fashionable today, particularly among young people of the post-war generation, to belittle the sacrifice of the men who died in two world wars as so much needless waste, poured out in unnecessary strife to achieve nothing. Partly, of course, this is due to the perspective of time; as we grow further away from the issues and emotions which engendered the conflicts, so the intangibles for which men fight and die are lost sight of in the welter of statistics and in the endless chronicle of blunder and miscalculation which is the unvarying story of wars. But chiefly this lack of appreciation of the true stature of our war dead stems from a failure to understand the role of service in setting man above the beast. For service, and service alone, ennobles man, and those who gave their lives in two world wars, on either side, rendered the ultimate service possible for mortal man.

These men gave their lives, not in pursuance of selfish merit or individual gain, but for an ideal; for what they conceived to be the common good; for their country, for their fellows. Few of them did so consciously, for it is not in human nature to seek out death. But when these citizen-soldiers put on uniform, the livery of national service, they accepted with it the risk of death and the certainty of hardship, just as they cast aside, with their civilian clothing, the selfish seeking after material gain and creature comfort. In its way, military service imposed a monastic regimen of self-denial and selflessness, of communal service and asceticism which exalted front-line fighting men through an ordeal of martyrdom to a kind of sainthood, no less spiritual for its grudging profanity. The side on which they fought, the ultimate merit of their cause, were alike irrelevant; the quality common to them all was the sacrifice of self in the

service of an intangible.

It was a sacrifice which ennobled not only themselves but all mankind.

If all this sacrifice proves to have been in the service of a piglike public, content to dissipate in idle self-indulgence the respite won for it, the wastage is one of peace, not of war. What man can endure, to what heights of self-sacrifice he can aspire, have been proven in the cruel test of battle; to what depths of indulgence and futility he can descend we see about us on every hand.

In an age when war has become unthinkable, the challenge which now confronts civilized society is to match in peace the spirit which animates it in war; to inspire the service and sacrifice which alone enable man to rise above his selfish wants. Could such service, such sacrifice be summoned to aid mankind, there is no goal it could not achieve, without such appeal, our civilization seems destined to founder in a sea of self-seeking, the bright flame of the spirit snuffed out by selfish materialism.

It is for the present generation, the men of peace, to prove their worth, their fitness to survive in an implacable world. That worth, that fitness must be based on the quality that alone can make man great; the willingness to serve an ideal. This, and this alone, can make the living men of peace the peer of the dead men of war.

Service above self; the hope of mankind.

November 3, 1964

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

We have stood, in the unaccustomed attitude of parade "attention," at more than a dozen Remembrance Day ceremonies now, in various parts of Canada. Sometimes it has been cold and blustery, sometimes chill and bright, but the way we remember it is in the rain, when the bugler sounds the Last Post, and we are left alone with our memories. Around us are the men from the Old War, with their dreadful memories of blood and mud at Passchendaele or Vimy, Hill 60, Ypres, or Amiens. Our own thoughts are of another, newer, war – yet a war which already seems part of a dim past.

It is not the dark memories which come to us now; the terror of ships afire in a black night, of crashing seas in an Iceland gale, of the white-faced crewmen lining the rail of the doomed destroyer Ottawa, the smell of death already upon them; of the shredded, bloated horrors, floating under clouds of seagulls, in the dawn-grey seas after a convoy attack. Years of peacetime pursuits, of family life and television and business pressures, have eased these memories from our conscious mind; it is only in dreams that they live on now.

On Remembrance Days our memories are of a different kind. We remember when the world was an exciting place in which to be young and when, with a thousand others, we were likely to be sent half-way round the earth and back again, without a care for tomorrow. One had a sense of destiny in those days; of being a part of historic events, of helping to mould a new and better world. How innocent, how naive, how pathetic it all seems now!

But we remember only the pleasant times, the high-spirited times. We remember Tiger Turner standing on his head in the punchbowl at Captain D's cocktail party, and the midnight

discussions of the works of Shaw and Chesterton with Tommy Holland over cocoa in a deserted middle-watch wardroom, tossed in a raging sea. We remember the sudden serenity of Lough Foyle, the luxury of fresh linen that went with the end of yet another eastward crossing, and the gay signals to the wrennery at Broome Hall as the escort group filed upriver to Londonderry. We remember warm and happy hours at the Crowsnest in Newfyjohn; aboard the motherships Baldur and Vulcan in Iceland's Hvalfjord; in the brassbound murkiness of the Shakespearean Cellar in Londonderry. Happy, light-hearted times; the happier for their stark and fateful background. One cherishes the few sunlit days all the more in seasons of rain and despair.

They are all gone, now; Holland, and Millthorpe, Harvie and the rest of them, in the shattered wrecks of ships scattered across the wide ocean floor. We who are left are young no more; the eager boys' faces of yesterday are creased by time and pouched with civilian living. Yet still, across the widening gulf that yawns between that age and the present, the memory of our shared youth brings a pang to our heart and moisture to our eyes.

It is not for the dead that we mourn, those bright hearts we have been revisiting in memory. Rather it is for the passing of our lost youth, and for the spirit of adventure and high endeavor which passed with it.

November 10, 1961

THE WHITE ENSIGN CLUB

A good deal of derisive comment has been aroused by the reluctance of the Canadian navy, as expressed by a number of officers, serving and retired, to give up the navy's white ensign for the country's new maple leaf. It is all too easy to dismiss such naval traditionalists as hidebound old fogeys or even, as the Toronto Globe and Mail did, to sneer at them as Anglicised snobs seeking to retain an out-dated bit of British swank.

Actually there is a good deal more to it than that. It is difficult for any member of a force with a highly-specialized tradition and esprit de corps to explain the importance of some seeming trifle to a civilian, but there are today in Canada many thousands of brokers and bankers, painters and plumbers, salesmen and tradesmen who served with the RCN in World War Two, and who know very well just why the white ensign is a precious part of Canada's navy. For the ensign is the ceremonial heart of the navy, the heraldic symbol of a history crammed with the sort of legends which impart pride and character to a great fighting force. To the saltiest matelot or the greenest new entry, the white ensign IS the navy, and its austere beauty recalls associations and incidents which quicken the blood of the most decrepit veteran.

For the white ensign is the badge of the greatest fighting fraternity of the sea; the fraternity of ships, great and small, which share age-old traditions and a record of proud supremacy unmatched in the annals of war. Not only ships of Britain's Royal Navy, but those of our sister Dominions flew the white ensign during World War Two. Each nation formed a separate lodge within the wartime brotherhood, distinguished by its own funnel markings and national "jack" at the bowstaff, and of all these none was prouder than Canada's whose maple-leaf funnels belonged to the free world's third largest

navy. To wear the white ensign was to "belong;" the tiniest Canadian motorlaunch or the saltiest RCN corvette was brother to the mighty battlesquadrons which ruled the trackless oceans. What middleaged businessman today will forget the thrill, years ago, when his Canadian escort group caught sight of the battlefleet that had just driven Bismarck to her doom, forging relentlessly on to Iceland beneath a lowering Arctic sky, their white ensign whipping in the wind? What Canadian sailor will forget the surging forays of the Canadian Tribals along the coasts of France, or the Canadian MTB flotillas in the Channel, the Canadian Bangors that led the way on D-Day; above all, the tireless Canadian frigates, corvettes and destroyers that bore the brunt of the Battle of the Atlantic? To wear the white ensign was not only to be part of a tremendous past but also to be adding new Canadian chapters to a proud and ancient history.

Today, that is all to be written off with the flick of a politician's pen. Canada's navy is to leave the white ensign club, the proudest brotherhood of the sea, and is to fly instead a little flag of its own, like the tinpot navies of the banana republics.

It's a flag to gladden a politician's heart and swell with patriotism the landlubber's bosom, but don't expect any sailor to lead the cheers. Not an old corvette type, anyway.

January 15, 1965

CANADA AND THE SEA

This summer, the Royal Canadian Navy celebrates the the fiftieth anniversary of its founding. The half-century of struggle against ignorance, both official and general, which is the story of this fine service, is a vivid illustration of a nation's failure to appreciate the importance of the force to which it owes both its creation and its continued existence; sea power.

Canada was made by sea power. School children are taught of the gallant General Wolfe's capture of Quebec which made Canada a British colony, but not a word about the fact that it was British seapower which brought him there, sustained his army there and isolated the French garrison, nor yet that it was the British supremacy at sea the following spring which made the French cause hopeless. Actually, Canada would have fallen to the British if Wolfe had never been born; British seapower made the fate of an isolated Canada certain, just as no amount of heroism or generalship by Wolfe or anyone could have held Canada in the face of superior French seapower.

Canada, a vast, under-developed and under-populated country located next to a populous and aggressive new nation, could never have achieved its century of peaceful growth but for the shield of British seapower behind which, like all the colonies and nations of the emerging commonwealth, it was given shelter against the ambitions of the great powers. It was seapower, in terms of commercial maritime trade, which brought Canada the manufactured goods from overseas and transported the wheat, the timber, the pulp, the minerals by which she grew to prosperity.

Yet it is a singular paradox that Canadians have never understood the overwhelming importance of seapower, nor

their complete dependence upon it. Their approach to the sea has been traditionally that of the elderly Victorian spinster, thrilling apprehensively to the dip of a toe in the salt sea, but never really at ease till removed a safe distance inland.

Fifty years after the birth of its navy, now grown to a most useful and efficient force, albeit of modest size, it is time that Canada awoke to the enormous importance and potential of seapower. Without it, no country can exert much influence beyond its continental boundaries; with it, the smallest nation can dominate the world. It is not just a matter of warships and aeroplanes, although in time of war it is these which provide the control of the sea and the air over it which is its essential expression. Rather it is a matter of a nation possessing the ships with which to move its goods to overseas markets, to build up and supply new trade and industries across the world, to turn the eyes of its citizens to global possibilities, rather that the purely domestic; this is how sea-power builds national wealth and influence.

Canada, fifty years after the founding of a national naval service, finds itself still without a sea-going merchant marine, its industrial and trading ties with its continental neighbor threatening to turn it into a virtual state of the American union. Only by looking to the sea which washes its three vast coast-lines can Canada ever achieve the global significance and national greatness which its resources, its location, and its history promise as its heritage.

August 6, 1965

6

YOUTH

THE BLIND GENERATION

The so-called "revolt of youth" of which we hear so much these days, is really no revolt at all; it is rather a symptom of the sickness of a society surfeited with materialism. For the first time, our civilization has confronted a new generation with no demands upon its burgeoning energies and ideals other than those of pure self-interest; the furthering of careers, the accumulation of wealth. All the factors which shaped and spurred on the youth of other generations – economic uncertainty, the menace of disease and want, of war and depression, the cruel enmity of man and nature – all these we have carefully removed from impinging upon this, the most sheltered and cosseted generation of our youth.

What have we left in today's chrome-plated, wall-to-wall, fully-automated society to kindle a spark of idealism in young men and women bursting to right ancient wrongs? We have produced a generation of potential crusaders but have robbed them of a crusade, and left them to the fatuous philosophising of campus crackpots and shallow rabble-rousers.

It is not the puerile placards, the writhing about on consulate steps and the pitiful inanities of teach-ins, sit-ins and other student absurdities which should concern us, so much as the meanness of spirit and the utter incomprehension of the world about them which these solemn buffooneries reflect. It is the failure to communicate to these youngsters an understanding of the true nature of the world they live in, and of their place in it, which must be charged against our society in general and our educators in particular.

Why don't these youngsters understand that this very security – economic, social, political – which they find so stifling, is the goal to which mankind, however mistakenly, has aspired through the crises and disasters of endless ages? Why aren't they told that the relative rule of law which they

enjoy has been paid for in blood, shed at home and abroad by countless generations of brave men? Why haven't we made them understand that this age of affluence in which they have grown up, with the cultural refinements, the creature comforts, the technological wonders they enjoy, represents the accumulated heritage of the labor and skill and enterprise and courage of their forebears, the true creators of our civilization? Have we shown them that these priceless blessings are the fruits of those very laws, customs and traditions that they now find so irksome?

Above all, why haven't we told them that the security and status our society now enjoys is but a fragile, transient thing, achieved by the sacrifice of two world wars and maintained by force, however unseen and uncomprehended, in a world still ruled by force? The challenge which their forefathers met, of sustaining civilization in the face of cruel man and uncaring nature, has been only temporarily deferred, and the qualities needed for survival remain unchanged; courage, faith, loyalty and hardihood. To these must now be added the wisdom and understanding required to meet the new challenge posed by the nuclear age; world government or world destruction.

For God's sake, let there be an end of the petty parading and protesting against the very laws and institutions and forces which sustain these pampered people in a hard and hostile world. It is long since time that we awakened our youth to reality; there is challenge and adventure there, enough and to spare!

September 6, 1967

THE AGING ADOLESCENTS

Why don't we grow up?

The vast majority of us have never ridden on the back end of a motorcycle or the front end of a surfboard, yet here we are, a pack of middle-aged teenagers, aping the talk, the dress, the tastes and the behavior of a handful of mopheads who do. Is there anything more ludicrous than a stylish matron in mini-skirt, boots or dead-pan make-up? Is there anything more pathetic than a bank president writhing about in what he believes to be The Monkey? Can there be any hope for mature adults so caught up in "camp" that they spend their leisure watching the televised insanities of batmen, talking cars, witches, monsters and other inanities from the world of kids' comic strips?

Granted, we live in an ugly age, an era of junkyard sculpture, pop art kitchen-sink drama and dirty denim fashion. But must we also be assailed at every turn by the raucous rythms of bizzare beatniks in televised commercials? Must we be forever "turned on," endlessly a-go-go? Must our whole society be geared to the level of the adolescent – the hip talk, the narrow ties, the pointed toes, the kooky dances of the junkies and the surfers, the blackjackets and the beatniks? Are we ALL teen-aged swingers? Who are we kidding?

On reflection, one sees that we are the victims of the copy-writers and promoters, the king-makers of our time. This relative handful of hucksters and hustlers is obsessed with the cult of the adolescent, and the image they have created of the ideal North American adult, that god in whose likness we fancy we all are made, is that of an ageless swinger, an eternally arrested adolescent, doomed to live the frenetic life of a teen-ager until, still gamely Frugging, he sinks into the grave and is buried with a copy of Playboy in his hand,

a cool cat of the Pepsi generation.

Isn't it about time we grew up? Isn't it time we left off dressing and talking and dancing and behaving like our children? Isn't it time we recognized "camp" and "Op" and "Pop" for the adolescent escapism they are, and left the dancefloor writhings to the truly young? Isn't it time we left the nightmare jungle of the adolescent for the infinitely more rewarding world of the adult, a mature world at once more dignified and less formalized?

June 28, 1966

TINSEL AND TRANSISTORS

The golden years – the happiest time – the wonderful springtime of life; this is how romantics have always seen the years of adolescence. This awkward era has never been this, of course, even in the remote past, but certainly the high school days that most present-day adults knew must seem like a veritable paradise compared with the pressure-ridden jungle of today's teens. What a nightmare world we have created for the boy-men and girl-women who find themselves shoved into today's special category of The Teen-Ager!

On the one hand a thousand cults, all commercially profitable, have been founded to exploit the teen-ager's yearning to conform, to "be with it" in every tiny detail; cults that shape every aspect of teen appearance, dress,

manners, morals, pastimes, outlook, interests, and speech. On the other, pressures have steadily built up to widen and deepen and intensify the teen's education and experience. No longer are history and geography, language and literature and mathematics enough. There must be this occult science added to the curriculum if we are to keep pace with the needs of the new technical age, that nebulous art added if he is to become a well-rounded personality, able to integrate. Everything from rocketry to folk-dancing is considered essential grist to the teen-ager's mill, and he must excel in all of them, or fall behind in the mad race in which we have entered him. He is deluged with a wealth of advice, all of it conflicting; he must be disciplined, he must feel free to express himself. We cram his stores with pornography, then deplore his morals; we give him a car and money, then expect him home at 10. Surely never before has there been so much apparent pleasure yet so little real happiness in being of high school age!

Yet let our young people be of good heart; the great blessing of this period of life is that it is mercifully short. The excrutiating embarrassment of saying the wrong thing, of wearing the unfashionable garment, of cutting a poor figure in the eyes of the opposite sex; all these will soon be forgotten, and the fortunate adult will remember them with derision, or even, God forgive him, with nostalgia. The chesty chick who's currently the queen of the campus will all too soon be the harried mother of five on the wrong side of the tracks; it's that quiet little thing in the back row who'll grow up to drive men mad. And the curly-haired hero who's the envy of all the girls will be wrapping parcels for a living when the spotty-faced gawk across the aisle from him is an international success, with Sophia Loren for his secretary.

In short, life eventually evens out. This may not remove much of tension from the nightmare world of the modern teen-ager, but it should offer some consolation to the millions of wretches in the clutches of collegiate conformism. The adult world has its own troubles and tensions, but compared with

those of pimples and platters, of Beatles and beats, of grades and girls and groups, they are as nothing.

So what's a mere war?

May 7, 1965

INDISCIPLINE

The mounting crisis which is disrupting education, to varying degrees, at every level of schooling from kindergarten to university, stems from a single cause; a lack of discipline. In a variety of ways, the once-unquestioned sway of the teacher in his classroom has been mitigated or undermined, and his means of enforcing his authority have been progressively restrained and restricted. A generation ago, the teacher was unchallenged master of his schoolroom, respected by pupil, parent and principal; his right to punish the unruly making his authority clear to the meanest intelligence. Whatever its shortcomings, the system produced generations of students accustomed to self-discipline, to the subordination of self to standards set by society, and by its maintenance of order it allowed teachers to impart knowledge of every sort to attentive pupils under conditions which now would be regarded as utterly primitive.

Today, despite revolutionary improvements in school curricula and their presentation, and accommodation and teaching aids beyond the wildest dreams of an older generation, a serious malaise affects teacher and student alike. Although its symptoms are evident even in public school, they can be seen most clearly in the universities, where the educational system comes to fruition. In our universities today, a lack of discipline is affecting not only the relationship between professor and student, but even the functioning of the university itself. A whole generation of students is arriving at

university level without the basic self-discipline formerly inculcated by years of public and secondary school training, and the resultant campus disorder has been aggravated by the sheer size of overblown university student bodies.

Nor is the breakdown of university organisation, serious though it is, by any means the gravest effect of the crisis in our schools. Rather it must be the growing number of brilliant young men and women, once hopeful of teaching careers, who are turning elsewhere for more promising livlihoods. Despite the attractions of ever-mounting salaries, many of today's most promising teacher prospects are convinced that education is not a rewarding field for the future, because of growing student indiscipline and lack of teacher authority to deal with it. The academic world, sheltered refuge of so many great minds, is being overrun today by bearded hordes of undisciplined barbarians.

In any communal undertaking in which many people pursue a common purpose, it is imperative that one person be set in authority; without such a leader, the largest army is but a rabble, the most populous nation but a mere country, the most eager class but a herd of pupils. It is essential, therefore, that we re-establish teachers as unquestioned leaders of their classes at every level of schooling, and give them the means, whether it be strapping or expulsion, of enforcing their authority and establishing proper discipline within the schools. The relationship between teacher and pupil at any level of education cannot be one of equal status, despite the current fad for so representing it. Teachers must once again assume responsibility for what they teach, and their authority to do so be established by whatever means are necessary.

December 4, 1968

THE DAWN PATROL

In the freezing pre-dawn blackness, grim hard-visaged men trudge silently to their waiting machines, the crusted snow rasping beneath their heavy, fleece-lined boots. Dark, muffled forms clank behind them, laden with their gear, to be carefully stowed in the interior behind. Then the whir of a starting motor, a rasping cough, and the cold engine breaks into a deep-throated roar, shattering the frosty stillness of the black morning. At a nod from the muffled form hunched at the controls, a silent figure slips into the seat behind him, and the machine bumps along the ice-covered asphalt, gathering speed. Another Dawn Patrol has left to seek a hidden adversary somewhere in the blackness up ahead –

It isn't Richard Barthelmess in his Sopwith Camel, leading his formation into action over Chalons, nor even a fighter sweep over Occupied France, but simply another Orillia father driving his son to the Arena for a seven o'clock game in the Saturday morning Y's Men Hockey League. Yet no World War One squad pilot ever experienced more daunting conditions or exhibited more hardihood in the face of bitter adversity than the hockey fathers flying the Saturday morning milk run, over the Hump to the Arena.

See them as they foregather in the chilling lobby of the rink, their muffled footfalls echoing hollowly in the vast emptiness of the building. The half-closed eye, the grey visage, the unsmiling face, all bespeak the man who has not yet had his breakfast. Dismissing their clumping charges to their dressing rooms, laden with their gear, see them as they queue silently before the just-opened coffee counter. Here is no light-hearted badinage, no chaffing over past defeats or speculation on victories yet to come. Here is but sullen silence, a glum

taciturnity broken only by an occasional nod to an old acquaintance.

Things perk up a bit after that first cup of coffee. One by one they drift upstairs and out into the frosty air of the cavernous rink. Huddling into their turned-up collars, they prepare to watch the grisly rites before them.

There is a pattern of play in boys' hockey which is peculiar to the younger age groups. The smaller the boy, the vaster the ice surface. The ebb and flow of the play is not unlike that of the great folk movements of neolithic and bronze age Europe. Subtly, almost imperceptibly at first, a surge of yellow sweaters – or black or blue, as the case may be – begins to move out of one end and down towards the other. There may be minor interruptions and temporary setbacks, but nothing can halt the tide once it has begun to run. Carrying all before it, the wave surges into the other end, to break repeatedly against the embattled goal. Play then settles down to a series of desultory hackings and bashings in various corners until the time arrives for The Tide to set out in the other direction.

And so it goes. Each team has A STAR, a sterling fellow who can actually stickhandle while underway, and a supporting cast which always includes a few barely capable of standing up on their skates, who are slipped over the boards for a few seconds by a harried coach who is either five goals up or five behind. Each team also has a Secret Weakness; a goalkeeper incapable of keeping goal, a centreman who won't pass (usually THE STAR,) and so on. Some have coaches who never appear for games, and are run by a succession of conscientious parents, often with surprising success.

And so the long day wears on. After his son's team has taken its inevitable pasting – for it is a curious fact that all teams watched by parents invariably are clobbered, the winners' parents presumably smugly slumbering at home – each bone-chilled parent dutifully collects his weary tiger and drives home to the accompaniment of a running commentary on how So-and-So had robbed his son of a certain goal.

Indeed, parents often find great difficulty in identifying the epic tussles recounted by their sons with the ghastly rigadoon they have just witnessed on the ice. And so, frozen to the marrow and stunned by defeat, they begin yet another merry weekend.

Kids' hockey is great for kids, but murder on parents. Here's a toast to The Gallant Few who, each Saturday, face certain defeat and the full horrors of the elements in Orillia's Dawn Patrol.

February 4, 1965

7

FREEDOM

NEW TYRANNY OF LEFT

It must be apparent to anyone who considers the matter that the greatest threat to the peace and order of our free society, and to the survival of those libertarian institutions which are its hallmark, is the growing anarchy in every aspect of human endeavour; an anarchy created by a revulsion throughout the free world against rules or standards or disciplines of any kind. By the nature of things, such a period of anarchy can be only a passing phase, a temporary vacuum; order must be restored if a creative society is to survive, and the growing authoritarianism of Africa, Asia, eastern and central Europe, show only too well the form this new order will take.

Yet if our civilization, the most enlightened and individually rewarding the world has known, is to perish, it will not be because of pressure from outside; Communism, mightiest of the absolutist creeds, is already a discredited force throughout much of the world. Rather will our demise be brought about by decay from within; our society will have lost faith in its creeds, trust in its codes and purpose in its goals. Most tragic irony of all, our downfall will be due to the destructive effects of a

liberalism which was once the noblest element in an increasingly humanist civilization.

Blowing gently through the framework of a strong society based on the Christian ethic, with its emphasis on individual values, rights and responsibilities, liberalism was an ennobling and beneficent breeze, moderating outworn concepts, softening harsh attitudes and cruel circumstance. Today, that gentle breeze has become a howling gale, shrieking through every aspect of our life, eroding faith in the values on which the structure of our society was built and destroying alike our appreciation of our libertarian heritage and our will to preserve it. Liberty has become confounded with license, and in its name our liberal establishment would abolish the restrictions of old standards of morality, responsibility, ethics and taste. Throughout the western world, our most cherished institutions and ideals are under attack by a perverted liberalism which seeks, not to replace them, but only to destroy them, and which hails such destruction as progress. Tyranny serves a new master; in the name of liberalism the House of Lords is threatened with extinction; if it performs its traditional function; in the name of liberalism students refuse to accord the right to be heard, won at such cost by liberals of bygone generations, to spokesmen of causes opposing their own. In the name of liberalism millions of Africans and Asians are cut loose from paternal colonisers to perish miserably under the heel of jungle tyrants; in the name of liberalism our religion is mocked, our tastes are vulgarized, our arts degraded, our youth debauched, our past discredited and our future dissipated. For the ultimate end of the unbridled envy and hatred of the past, and malice towards its institutions, which masquerades as liberalism today can only be a self-indulgent society bereft of pride or purpose, incapable of governing, unwilling to be governed.

No society can exist without rules. They may be altered or replaced, but if they are simply discredited or destroyed, as ours are being today, society cannot possibly survive, save by the imposition of new rules. The senseless, so-called liberalism we endure today must inevitably lead to author-

July 11, 1969

FLOURINE AND FREEDOM

One of these days, probably without anyone noticing it, Orillia's water supply will be fluoridated, and since fluorine is both tasteless and odorless in the amounts used for water treatment, little if any note will be taken of it. As the years go by, the teeth of young children should become markedly harder, a most worthwhile public benefit, and perhaps a few people with kidney trouble or allergies of one kind or another may die prematurely as a result of an inability to excrete fluorine, if the highly-qualified chemists and physicians who oppose fluoridation are correct. Since even a greater number of highly-qualified authorities can be found who oppose this claim, the risk is unlikely to stir much public alarm, people being the apathetic fatalists that they are.

What should alarm everyone in Orillia, however, is the principle which has now been established. If any group can approach Town Council with a convincing case for some panacea which might possibly benefit some group of the general public, – and councillors are no authority; they only know what they read in the papers, like everyone else – the public water supply can be doctored without the public's consent, request, or right to protest. To treat the water which must be consumed by everyone in order to bring some hoped-for benefit to a minority without the consent of the majority, let alone the individual, is surely a negation of everything our society believes in. It is also an extremely dangerous precedent we have established, and one that opens new horizons to meddlers of every kind.

For it must be acknowledged that, so long as his health does not inconvenience or endanger others, it is everyone's right to go to hell in his own way, and to enjoy the kind of health he wishes. It is insufferable that some officious jack-in-office

should presume to say that everyone must perforce drink this or eat that, without any alternative or choice being left to the individual. It is one thing to recommend a balanced diet, or a healthy drink; it is quite another to force a person to consume it without any possible recourse and without either his own assent or the approval of a majority of his peers.

Are we to become occupants of a stud farm or a beehive, and our health and habits the responsibility of some civil servant or benevolent Big Brother? Suppose some Poohbah gets a notion to curb the population explosion by inhibiting the fertility of the Canadian male by some water additive or other; what's to stop him? Preposterous, of course, but quite legal and logical. What will happen when the Better Sight lobby asks to have a pinch of something put in the water to improve the faulty eyesight of many youngsters; is this to be popped in too? Where does one draw the line? Some people are dangerously overweight; anything wrong with tipping in a barrel or two of something that'll slim them down and have little – well, very little – effect on the rest of us?

Doctors, dentists, and health officers of assorted kinds are all very well in their assigned role, battling botulism or bubonic plague, but they have no right at all to assume the role of Big Brother and force some favored nostrum on the general public. And are our Town Councillors to sit in judgment on what is good or bad for our health?

June 7, 1966

MAN WHO MADE FREEDOM

Behold a man.

His skin may be white or colored, but whatever his racial origin, English is the language he speaks. He may not belong to any church, but his tenets are those of the Christian ethic, and he believes in the responsibility of the individual and the dominance of the citizen rather than the state. He is accustomed to elect those who would govern him, and rates no man as his master. He believes in the brotherhood of man, the importance of law and order, in trial by a jury of one's peers, that all men are innocent in the eyes of the law until they are proven guilty beyond any reasonable doubt. He is basically a man of peace but accepts the responsibility of every man to serve his country as required. He is predisposed to favor the weak against the strong, has an immoderate love of sport and admires a winner but respects a courageous loser. He believes in a vague sort of capitalism but he has increasing difficulty in distinguishing from what he used to call socialism; in his personal life he seeks love and happiness above all else.

This is the man who, more than any other, has shaped the present face of the world. This is the man who has given Man a social conscience, the parliamentary system, trial by jury and self government, as well as an obsessive passion for the material amenities of life and the trade and technology with which to achieve them. Yet it is the tragedy of our modern world that in an age which threatens to extinguish all that he holds most dear, this man has no single citizenship. He lives today in Canada, the United States, Britain, Australia or New Zealand, among others, and as the citizen of these diverse countries the part he plays in shaping world destiny is limited by the relative strength and size of his single nation. To the monolithic might of absolutism he opposes a feeble

front of tentative alliances based on a common fear. In the new power blocs now forming, this man and all he stands for will soon be as extinct as the dodo.

Yet given a single citizenship, this man could guide the way not only to peace, but to the universal state, a sort of world parliament of the nations. Joined in any sort of political federation, preferrably one which would permit each section to retain its own variations of domestic life, like those within the individual cantonments of Switzerland, a union of Canada, Britain, Australia, the United States and New Zealand would present a common economic, military and political front to the world which could not be over-awed by any combination of hostile powers.

Let us give this man and his fellows a common citizenship in a union of the democracies which share a common language, traditions and ideals; a United States of Democracy. Let Canada, the traditional interpreter between Britain and the United States, sister dominion to Australia, lead the way in seeking some form of political union linking the great democracies of the English-speaking world; a union which would ensure the survival of our shared ideals and could lead the way to a union of all free nations.

The winds of change are blowing across the continents of this world, the tides of destiny are setting in their course which will determine the fate of all mankind. In such a time, speak not of national sovereignty, of squalid fears or petty ends; speak of Freedom!

July 29, 1964

SOCIALISM MEANS COMPULSION

Now that socialist legislation is part of the program of political parties of every persuasion and socialism itself has become "respectable," there is a tendency for Canadians, like the British before them, to lose sight of one vital fact. For the hard truth is that, in the long run, socialism will not work without compulsion.

Socialism, like the communism from which it differs only in its theoretical objective, is a system in which ownership and distribution of wealth are vested in the state. Since the state itself is operated by a relative few politicians, this means that the national wealth is controlled in fact by a handful of men, either commissars or cabinet ministers, depending on whether the state be a nominal democracy or a nominal commune. Whatever they be called, they are in fact that Orwellian monster, Big Brother, and however benevolent a protector of the impoverished and a generous befriender of the exploited he may be, Big Brother is a notoriously poor creator of wealth and encourager of enterprise in any field.

One has only to compare the best efforts of rigidly-controlled authoritarian states, like modern-day Russia and China or the Egypt and other great slaves states of the past, with those of free-enterprise states such as Victorian Britain or 20th century America to appreciate the immense advantages conferred by freedom in man's battle to better his lot. The greatest expansion of wealth and individual opportunity ever recorded in history occurred in Britain in in the first three quarters of the 19th century. British exports doubled themselves every ten years, and exports of iron soared from 30,000 tons in 1815 to 20 times that figure by 1850. Never before had the world seen such an incredible explosion of created wealth as that engendered by the new free enterprise system, although it was the attempt to bring

the abuses of such runaway industrialization under the rule of law, to "humanize" the industrial revolution, that led the British down the long path to the welfare state.

It is one thing to legislate against the tyranny of the rich and the unjust exploitation of the many by the few, as the British sought to do, and quite another to substitute the enthroned bureaucrat in the place of the industrial baron, as the British have done. A nation which rebelled angrily against an absolute monarch is now growing restive under the rule of all-power civil servants, for the price of socialism, however enlightened and well-intended, is inevitably compulsion. "In order to enjoy this, you MUST do that . . . "

In the long run, there is no substitute for freedom in the affairs of man. Organize it, limit it, hem it in as one must to cushion its worst effects on the unwilling and the unable and the unready, freedom remains the one essential ingredient of a progressive society. It is the inherent weakness of socialism and communism that, for all their concern with human welfare and well-being, they fail to comprehend the importance of freedom as the means of harnessing human energy to the making of human wealth.

September 9, 1966

8

MANNERS AND MORALS

POT

Despite the outcries of trendy clergymen and the many self-styled "social scientists" with whom we are currently so afflicted, it would seem that one of the few senible utterances on the proposal to legalize the smoking of marijuana comes from an Orillia highschool girl, herself a member of the very generation presumably most affected by such a measure. This girl pointed out, perhaps more wisely than she knew, that some of her contemporaries smoked marijuana because it was forbidden. If it were legalized, they would merely resort to some other practice to assert their rebelliousness, she added.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the significance of this girl's statement. For it is not marijuana itself which is important to the teenager rebel – it is a singularly innocuous drug – but rather the flouting of the law and of established adult standards entailed in the smoking of it. Legalize "pot", and they will turn to something else.

In view of such a situation, it seems foolish to add to the list of mildly dangerous but legal practices already open to everyone merely to enable the foolish and wilful few to take up some new, and more damaging fad. Indeed, in hindsight it would almost seem that the ban, now long abandoned, against youthful smoking of tobacco might profitably have been retained, since it allowed youthful rebels to assert their contempt for their elders and their edicts by puffing tobacco, still more sociably acceptable than marijuana. In other words, since the breaking of the ban is what signifies, rather than what is banned, why not ban the least harmful alternative?

Certainly it would be naive to pretend that any legalizing of pot will resolve the menace of drugtaking in youthful society, nor will marijuana of itself fill any deep-seated need. Nor should the real significance of marijuana smoking be

overlooked in mere discussion of the qualities of the drug itself; the real cause for alarm is the intellectual apathy and weakness of character implicit in any resort to drugs as a means of escape from reality, or the moral cowardice of attempting to "be with it." Drugtaking is a sign of flabbiness, mental and moral, in young people, and the permissiveness which would indulge such escapism is indicative of the flabbiness of adult society. A healthy and virile society should stimulate its young people toward achievement and fulfilment, not indulge the cowardice of its misfits and malcontents.

November 13, 1969

THE GENTLEMAN

What an infinitely more pleasant place our world would be if courtesy and the consideration for others of which it is the outward mark, were again esteemed as virtues as once they were. Whatever else it may be, the present age is assuredly the era of the lout and the boor, and indeed a whole aspect of our society seems designed to foster the cult of rudeness. The rude interviewer is a TV commonplace; our books and theatre mirror our present preoccupation with ugliness and squalor, and the whole tenor of modern society with its tradition of violence is oriented to self and the pursuit of selfish ends at the expense of others.

It is only to be expected that the manners and attitudes of such a society should be bristling and belligerent assertions of our individual rights; courtesy as a social usage has become so much a rarity that anyone practising it is immediately suspect as some sort of poseur. Yet "manners makyth man," as William of Wykeham set as his precept when he founded Winchester school centuries ago to educate

young gentlemen, and if this affluent age in which we live is to realize its potential for civilized enjoyment we must learn again the priceless social benefits that flow from self-restraint and courtesy. For not only is such behavior a worthwhile end in itself, but it also encourages a whole new set of values which apply throughout every aspect of our way of life.

It fosters taste, for example, and in the teeming jungle of present-day life good taste was never more urgently needed. We have failed to learn, it would seem, that good taste is a better encouragement to good books and good theatre than any moral censor. In the context of an honest story, almost any act of human behavior can be incorporated as an acceptable part of the plot, but when taste declines such aberrations are introduced for their sensational value alone, and we are flooded with pornography masquerading as art and voyeurism as theatre.

Integrity is the difference between trash and art in any medium, and the taste to distinguish one from the other is sadly lacking in our present crass and vulgar age, as any glance at movie or best-seller listings will attest.

Surely it is time to elevate good taste to its proper place as the arbiter of what should, and should not, pass as acceptable to society, and as an important factor in assessing the merit of any book, play or picture. Surely, too, we should restore to our everyday usages the precept underlying all courtesy; "do unto others as you would be done by." For when it is shorn of all the cult of snobbery under which it was buried, half a century ago, the concept of the gentlemen can be seen for what it is; a regard for the qualities of a gentle man. And in the seats of power today, and at every level of society beneath, our world cries out for such men.

December 9, 1965

Now that we have made Canada a more congenial place for the murderer, the homosexual, the rapist and the pornographer by alterations, actual and proposed, to the laws of the land, isn't it about time that we considered action to protect the great mass of Canadians who are none of these things? Why is it that our legal liberalizers limit their concern to the malefactors rather than their victims, to the aberrant few rather than the normal many?

However much one may deplore the inequities and severities of existing laws, or the privations imposed on criminals by ancient and inadequate prisons, one would have to admit that the urgency of their plight is as nothing compared with the terrifying toll of human life, happiness and property which they exact from a law-abiding public. In such a circumstance, one would expect that, in the interest of public safety and individual security, it would be the concern of our courts and councils to encourage, in every way possible, the apprehension and punishment of offenders, in the knowledge that it is the certainty of punishment, rather than its severity, which has proven to be the greatest deterrent to crime. Yet in the face of the greatest wave of crime in modern times, the response of legislators and lawyers has been quite the reverse; every obstacle is placed in the way of police , everything possible done to make evasion easy, conviction difficult, and punishment light. Our only response to an outbreak of violence without precedent is to reduce the penalty for murder to ten years imprisonment.

This anomaly reflects the perversity of many of our "enlightened" attitudes today, and the irresponsibility of much of the liberal thought which shapes them. Any number of volunteers, including the most learned in the land, can be found to defend the rights of the most odious

pornographer or paederast, but none to champion the young men and women who must find their way in a society poisoned and corrupted by them.

Our liberals seek to free labor demonstrators from the fetters of injunctions and legal liability, but none of them has any concern for the gross abuse of public rights and private safety inherent in every picket line. A society which views censorship as intolerable and condones the brutalising of its people through the endless glorification of sadistic violence, finds no one to champion the innocent victims of the thousands of violent assaults which have become today's commonplace. Always, our sympathies are enlisted on behalf of the unfit, the incompetent, the deviant, the coward; it is no co-incidence that we live in the era of the anti-hero in films and fiction.

However praiseworthy and fashionable our concern for the criminal may be, it is absurd that it should be divorced from a concern for mankind as a whole. And since the greatest good of the greatest number should be the objective of our legislators, shouldn't the protection of the public take precedence over the comforting of the criminal in the order of public business?

January 1969

FOR "FRANK", READ "FILTH"

Life in the Western world, says New York's great drama critic, Brooks Atkinson, is uglier today than it has ever been in history. Looking about us, at our cities, at music, at art, at popular literature, at movies and plays, one cannot but agree with him; there is a positive hunger, particularly among a trend-setting section of our young people, for ugliness in everything. In their clothes and habits, language and outlook, ugliness is all, and so obsessed are we today with keeping pace with trends that the fortunate majority who still enjoy the beautiful and pleasant things of life tend to consider themselves hopelessly out-of-date. Pop groups compete with one another in the ugliness of their names and dress, foulness of their language, and obscenity of their acts. Good taste has become an object of derision, and professional standards of competence in art, literature or theatre are being abandoned in favor of an artistic nihilism which worships obscenity for its own sake. Every form of perversion, sadism, violence and bestiality is paraded on page and stage and screen, where it is accorded "contemporary" values by owlish reviewers who profess to detect a "refreshing frankness" in these puddles of putrescence, and commend their presentation as "progressive."

It may seem a curious paradox that the young people of this most sheltered and cosseted of generations should take so squalid and horrid a view of life and the world they live in, but it is actually a case of cause and effect. The very blandness of their existence has sapped the vitality of much of our urban youth, and dulled their appreciation of the manifold marvels and delights about them. The eye which notes the garbage can but overlooks the butterfly, which glories in the brutality of the world without revelling in its beauty, is incapable of recognising the true wonder of the miracle of life. Only those who have risked losing it can comprehend

the marvel of life; only those who understand the inevitability of death can experience the true zest of living. One must have lived rough to savour fully the joys of civilization; nobody appreciates the blessings of peace and rule of law more than the soldier who has survived the horror of war.

It is the tragedy of today's youth that they have experienced at first hand none of the wars and depressions, uncertainties and hardships which conditioned the generations before them; instead, they grasp at the idealised issues of foreign wars, at wrongs, fancied or factual, done other people in other lands, as an emotional outlet from their safe, tedious existence. Their obscenities, their violence and their exhibitionism, meant to shock their elders, are merely a mirror of their immaturity and inadequacy. Yet so shallow are the standards of their elders, in the field of comment and criticism, that these squalid vapourings are passed on as true reflections of the spirit of the age, and hailed as marking a new high in artistic candor instead of a new low in public taste and critical integrity.

October 22, 1968

THE MOB AND THE MASS

Surely one of the most disturbing aspects of modern Canadian society has been the growth of mob action. As every newspaper reader must know, mob action is becoming an increasingly frequent element in Canada's labor disputes, in teen-age confrontations with authority, in civil demonstrations, and in racial and religious differences. It is mobs that burn cars and terrorize nonstrikers, that stone and break and burn and brutalize under the excuse of winning a contract concession. It is mobs that take over dance halls, and break and loot and smash windows; that surround and beat

policemen and by-standers in the name of youth and high spirits. It is mobs that invade political meetings, that shout and curse and brawl in public halls or parks, under the pretence of political expression.

Mobs are made up of individual men and women, of supposedly law-abiding, respectable Canadians like everyone else. Individually these people conform, outwardly at least, to the dictates of an orderly society, but when caught up in the safe anonymity of a mob they feel free to exhibit a brutality, a cruelty, a lawlessness that is sheer animal, evidence of heaven knows what inhibitions and repressions. All mobs are the same, whatever the nature of the dispute that inflames them. The howling animals that riot through the streets after a sports defeat, a beatnik arrest, a picket-line brawl or a race demonstration are one with each other, symptoms of a sick society in direct line of descent with Nuremberg and Bastille day, with the Gordon riots and the sack of Badajoz. Whatever the cause, whatever the original justification, it is soon lost sight of; what takes its place is the lust to burn and beat and destroy, to rape and brawl and loot.

Sure sign of a debased public, mobs themselves debase society still further by involving ever larger numbers of people in a degrading exhibition which is the very antithesis of the Christian concept of civilization as a society of responsible, sentient individuals, governing themselves by universally-accepted laws and modes of behavior.

The increasing incidence of mob action is clear evidence of the decline of individual values and standards in Canada. More and more, our society is concerning itself with the mass, rather than the individual. A man's wages reflect, more often than not, the terms of a contract signed on behalf of thousands of his fellows, rather than his own individual worth or performance. His food, his clothes, his entertainment, his housing, almost his every need is provided for him as a faceless member of a uniform mass, not prepared and tailored to him specifically as an individual. He finds himself increasingly a mere cypher in a society geared to the

mass; to mass production, mass marketing, mass response. How can any society founded on individual rights and responsibilities survive in an era when the individual is becoming increasingly anonymous, a faceless file of facts and figures, a mere assortment of digits?

We live today in a society that venerates the mass, paying only lip service to the individual. The difference between mass and mob, as we are now discovering to our cost, is merely academic, and unless we restore the individual to his rightful place as the raison d'etre of our society, we face the prospect of increasing mob rule and ultimate anarchy.

August 10, 1966

9

THE LIFE WE LEAD

UGLY MEN, BEAUTIFUL MACHINES

In an increasingly automated age, man finds himself becoming more and more the slave of the machine he once mastered, and ever more subservient to the mindless commands of the robots which dominate his everyday life. He has learned to curb his impatience to accord with the impersonal precision of the traffic light; to entrust his life, without a single misgiving, to the mechanized mysteries of the automatic elevator whisking him aloft to dizzying heights, and to dutifully recite his name and his business to the recorded robot which answers so many telephones after office hours. He accepts the findings of the computer, the new god of a new age, with an unquestioning faith never accorded the Delphic oracle, and displays a reverence toward a piece of perforated paper tape that would not be unworthy of Moses' tablets of stone. In short, he has come increasingly to regard himself as a quivering mass of fallible flesh to be abased before the unfailing precision of gears and cams

and microcircuits.

But a curious sidelight to man's increasing deference to machine is the resultant change in the appearance of both. For with each passing year, machines grow in size, in majesty, in beauty of line and color, while man becomes ever more featureless, more insignificant, more ugly. One has become accustomed, of course, to equate the most magnificent automobile, that glittering symbol of status in civilized society, with the paunchy little man in the elevator shoes and the big cigar, but there is an even greater paradox than this amusing affinity of ugly little men for big, beautiful cars.

To appreciate it at its fullest one should visit any large and busy port at night. With the whistling scream and the trailing flames of a shooting star, a great aircraft drops from the heavens, all winking lights and gleaming metal, and rolls to a stop. As it turns and thunders up to the airport, towering high above its diminutive attendants, both men and machines, it seems the very epitome of mechanical perfection, its breath-taking beauty more in keeping with the glittering stars of its natural element than the mundane commonplaces of the earth about it. As it wheels to a stop, one unconsciously awaits the opening of its door and the appearance of its passengers with bated breath. What will they be like, these godlike people who have descended to our sordid city in so splendid a fashion from the boundless corridors of the sky? What soaring souls could create so beautiful a machine –

And then, out they tumble, the tousled passengers of the Miami flight, rubbing the sleep from their eyes and the cramp from their joints, with fun hats on their heads and bottles of liquor under their arms. Here they come, grumbling and gross in girdle and gabardine, festooned with cameras, horn rims and hearing aids; can this ghastly crew be all we can look for from the starry heavens?

Alas, even so; the beauty is in the machine, not its use. The tiny satellite star that man first made and then, godlike, hung far in the shrieking void of outer space, is used to

bounce the Beatles and Bonanza to the far side of the world. The wonder and beauty man captures in his machine all too often evade him in its use.

April 4, 1968

THE BORING LIFE

The mounting flood of technological innovations which mankind hails as progress may well prove to be his fatal enemy. For more and more it is becoming evident that the automobile, the washing machine, automatic heating, air conditioning, and the rest of the growing body of gadgetry around which our life increasingly revolves, by removing the irritants and disciplines which once beset our daily round, are reducing the diversity of human existence. In this increasingly bland and seemingly-secure world, man can bore himself to death, for the placid existence he seeks is really less productive of happiness than the stormy life, with its peaks of exaltation and despair. Nor is leisure, that delusive goal of the masses, of itself a rich reward; only the experience of toil can give it proper savour, only a sense of purpose can impart the meaning which distinguishes living from mere existence.

It is time that we began to question our traditional blind search for ever more ease, comfort, convenience, security. Already there is a noticeable reaction; for the first time in history "roughing it" is considered a pleasure, car-drivers walk for health, or work out on "exercisers" going nowhere. The barbecue fad reflects the human hankering after the lost delight of hospitality, of preparing and serving a good meal, a treasured skill now swamped in a sea of frozen dinners. The uniformity of the car has replaced the individuality of

the horse; the very roads that get us there have destroyed the charm of places we want to visit. Old skills, old challenges have faded with the coming of serviced flats and regulated traffic, while the mass mindlessness of television produces a comfortably soporific ending to the safe, tedious day.

The political parallel of this "soft life" is the welfare state, which increasingly removes from the level of individual decision most of the problems which once occupied the mind of man; sickness, age, work, leisure, security. Yet this new freedom from anxiety has merely detached the individual from any concern with the affairs of society; more and more, he occupies his energies with purely private pleasures and selfish concerns. For the administration of his affairs, for the future of society, for what was once considered "the common good," he has only apathy.

Inasmuch as its revolt may be considered to be directed, partly at least, against the dreary conformity of so snug and smug a society, there may be a ray of hope in the restlessness of today's youth. For the all-embracing coddling of a welfare state, allied to an endless and unquestioning search for ever more ease, more freedom from the need to exercise mind and body, can never produce happiness, however many problems it may eradicate. The ultimate end of such a society must be that of the hatchery chick, snug and safe in the teeming prison of its drawer, isolated for all life from any decision, responsibility, or experience.

Man is not a chicken. For the yearning soul of humankind, a life without adventure, challenge, agony, ecstasy, toil and achievement is no life at all.

June 13, 1968

THE STATUS GADGETS

An unforseen curse of our technological age is the increasing use of domestic gadgetry for status, rather than practical purpose. The search for status and an obsession with its symbols is rapidly creating a nightmare world where happiness in its real sense is becoming ever rarer, and where the measure of a man's worth and a lifetime's achievement is calculated in terms of material possessions. It is surely ironic that household appliances intended merely to lighten the burden of domestic drudgery have increasingly become an end in themselves, so that families today devote their entire life to the accumulation of them.

But the real measure of the blight that is afflicting our gadget-ridden, status-seeking society is the evolution and spread of suburban living; a whole way of life devoted to the pursuit of status and the attainment of the unattainable. Suburban lawns have become mere settings for a house, designed for the benefit of the viewer from the street rather than the pleasure of the resident. In place of the snug, walled-in privacy of city gardens in older societies, suburbia sacrifices privacy and comfort for ostentation; the picture windows facing the street are to impress the passerby, not interest the resident. People living in such a world devote their whole life to a frantic scramble to keep up to, or ahead of, their neighbor, in a mad race for the status afforded by a Cadillac or a color television set.

Not that the technological revolution, and the labor-saving devices it has put within the reach of millions, is not one of the most noteworthy of human achievements. It has put at man's disposal the means for banishing much of the daily drudgery of domestic life; who can measure the benefit of the release from bondage represented by the oil-fired furnace, the electric light, the washing machine, the modern kitchen

stove, the magnificent modern automobile? But the electric toothbrush and the transistor radio are typical of a new generation of "status" gadgets; can the wiring for sound of ten million teen-agers really qualify as a notable step forward in the progress of humankind?

Certainly there is a very real danger that happiness as a state of mind, and the true joys and pleasures of human existence will be largely lost in mere pride of possession. In a world where, despite the troubles that are inevitable to human existence, birds sing and clouds sail across blue skies, a place of love and music, of beauty and laughter and exaltation, of sunshine and serenity; in such a place, can there be any human tragedy to compare with that of men and women who measure their lives in terms of cars and kitchens, and to whom happiness is a garbage disposal unit?

June 1, 1966

BEST TIME IS NOW

Canadians, more than most people, are inclined to concentrate their attention more on the glowing future than the humdrum present or the tedious past; things are always going to be marvellous in that rosy time that lies just ahead,beyond the horizon. Perhaps it would be well for us, on the occasion of our hundredth birthday as a nation, to realise that, in very truth, we are living today in the best years; the country and the world will never offer Canadians in future as much as they do right now.

Oh, there will be progress, as we measure it; more people, more industry, more business, more money, more gadgets, more comforts, more security. But we are living in a society that measures progress in terms of gross national product;

our entire system is geared to putting a few more decimal points on the balance sheets, increasing our business, however good, by another 5% or so each year. And as our material standards advance, so our human values diminish.

"That's Progress," we say as our trees are cut down to widen streets, as our green fields are cut into building lots, as our air is filled by factory smoke, as our homes are levelled for apartment blocks, as our pleasant towns grow into crowded cities.

"You can't stand in the way of progress," we say as our air and water is progressively poisoned, as crowds engulf vacation areas, as traffic and noise and dirt and strain and discomfort increase with each passing year. For we as people have come to measure progress in terms of economic growth rather than improvement in the human lot, and we have invented the term "standard of living," measured in domestic gadgetry, to record our fancied progress, and substituted leisure and pleasure for human happiness.

In such a society, wedded to eternal change, much of what we now enjoy must inevitably perish, and indeed much has already disappeared. If you value the individual and his rights and privileges and privacy, enjoy yourself now; the future is dedicated to the herd. If you enjoy living in your own house in your own garden, look about you now; tomorrow belongs to the tenement and the machine-for-living. If you like the outdoors and all that goes with it, don't waste a moment; our woods, our wildlife, our lakes will never be more lovely than now. If you like to run things yourself and take an interest in political issues, enjoy today; tomorrow belongs to Big Brother, to socialism and government commission, to giant corporation and giant union. If travel is your hobby, catch the next plane; already there are juke boxes in Papeete, a Hilton in Pago-Pago and tourist bureaus in ancient Samarkand, and the super-sonic jet will wipe out the last vestige of romance tomorrow. Go now; there'll be nothing left later.

If Canada awakens a glow in your heart, stand up and cheer today while it's still with us. There'll still be a Canada

tomorrow, of course, but the collection of semi- autonomous regional states--will they still be called provinces? – won't be anything you'd recognize, and it's coming fast.

Oh, there's lots of progress ahead, all right; more people, more money, more government, more social security. But if it's happiness and pleasant living you're after, and peace and privacy and purity of air and water and sheer zest for living, enjoy yourself now; it's later than you think!

May 7, 1968

NEVER ON SUNDAE

God knows that young people in the bland and affluent era we live in have already been deprived of most of the romance and adventure which added glamour to the world their parents grew up in, but it is perhaps only recently that the full scope of the loss can be realised. How many adults today are aware, for example, that their children are doomed to go through a world in which there is no David Harum sundae, no Hawaiian Sunset, no lemon phosphate, not to mention a complete dearth of African Snowballs or even a Tin Roof Special?

The startling fact is that, in this age of blizzards and freezes and frozen slops of every conceivable kind, the fine art of soda jerking seems to have become as extinct as that of the lamplighter or the shingle-splitter.

The extent of the decay was not apparent to at least one middle-aged Orillian until recently, when a waitress in a Gravenhurst restaurant confessed that she had no idea of what a David Harum sundae was. It seemed incredible that civilization had declined to such a state that not only was a David Harum unknown by name to this innocent, but

she confessed that the notion of mixing strawberry and pineapple with ice cream in so cunning a fashion "made her sick"—this in an age which blithely tolerates the fishnak and condones the cheeseberger.

Further research laid bare the amazing fact that our supposed advanced society is apparently incapable of producing a sundae with more than one flavor included; one could have a chocolate sundae or a marshmallow sundae, but a chocolate marshmallow sundae was beyond the ken of the soda jerk (O death, where is thy sting?)

But the shattering extent of the decline of the ice cream sundae as the proud epitome of the gustatory art was not revealed until the shocking confession of a chicken-palace waitress in Lindsay. Confronted with a singularly tasteless concoction which purported to be a pineapple soda, this depraved girl admitted that, in fact, there were only two kinds of sodas available in the degraded place; red and yellow. Yellow syrup was used for lemon, orange, pineapple, butterscotch; red syrup for strawberry, raspberry, or cherry. A dash of soda water and a scoop of ice cream was added, and presto, a 20th century soda; completely phoney, completely tasteless, a swindle from beginning to end.

It has been said that the advance of civilization can be measured in terms of knives and forks; perhaps one could also observe that its decline might be measured in terms of footlong weenies and giant malteds.

Alas, for the cool delights of yesteryear --

August 9, 1967

10

BLACK AND WHITE

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO INDEPENDENCE

Oran, Algeria—The Moslem military commander in the Oran region said today his army will parade about 300 Moslem prisoners through the city this week and hold public execution as "an example to killers and thieves."

A.P. despatch

Here we are in Algeria. It is a new country. Isn't it nice? See the nice men marching through the street. They are going to be shot. Bang! Bang! Bang! They are to be shot because they did not shout: "Ya! Ya! Ben Bella!" Instead they shouted "Ya! Ya! Ben Khedda." They shouted for the old government. It is a week old. Old, old, old. Isn't it fun to shout? If we were little boys and girls in Algeria we would shout and shoot too. Algeria is independent—in-dee-pen-dent. Independent means free. Bang Bang! Bang! Oh, how jolly to be independent!

Two Canberra jets of the United Nations forces roared over Elizabethville yesterday on the eve of the second anniversary of Katanga's secession from the Congo.

Yesterday there was a ceremony at the local cemetery for Katangans killed in September and December. And tomorrow there will be a big parade and celebration.

A.P. despatch.

Let us pretend we are in Katanga. See the happy people behind the soldiers. They are happy because they are independent—in-dee-pen-dent. They are independent from the Congo. Congo is independent too, but from Belgium. Belgium is independent too, but its people are white, so it doesn't count. Congo people fight Katanga people because

they are independent but from the wrong people. Namely, them. Bang! Bang! Bang!

The United Nations send soldiers to make peace. Bang! Bang! Bang! They shoot Congo people and Katanga people to make peace. They love peace. Soon many are dead. It is very peaceful. Congo is still independent. Katanga is even more independent. Now they can hit U.N. soldiers as well as each other. Isn't it jolly? Soon there will be more fighting. Bang! Bang! Bang! Some people here will soon be even more free. They will be dead. That is as independent as you can get.

Accra (Reuters) – Canada will help Ghana set up a farming co-operative institute, composed of a school of agriculture and a model farm.

Reuters despatch.

Here we are in Ghana. It is warm. It is humid. It is hot as hell. Listen to the man on the platform. It is the leader, Mr. Nkrumah. Nu-croo-ma. Hear him abuse the British. He hates them because they made his country independent. Isn't he splendid? He abuses the United States too. That is because they give him money. His country is poor. Mr. Nkrumah is not poor, though. He is boss. He is top dog. He is top dog because he locks up anyone who gets in his way. Everyone can be locked up in Ghana. They have the right. This is a democracy. Let us help Mr. Nkrumah. If our country will help him, he can abuse us too. Won't that be splendid? Isn't it nice to be independent? Won't it be nice when every African is independent? Let us give three cheers for independence before recess.

July 12, 1969

THE NEW DISTORTION

Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the distortion which political passion can introduce into the viewpoint of many well-meaning and intelligent men and women than the world reaction to the death of Prime Minister Verwoerd, who was buried on the weekend after being stabbed to death in the South African Parliament.

The news that this man had been murdered brought cheers and laughter in the parliament of a neighboring African state. It was celebrated with a lavish champagne party by African delegates to the United Nations, an organization dedicated to the ideal of world peace. It was loudly and gleefully hailed by a surprising number of responsible figures in Canada, Britain and the United States, including a prominent clergyman, a servant of the Prince of Peace. To this pass has racial hatred brought us – that the brutal murder of a helpless statesman by a mentally-disturbed assassin is greeted with joy by supposedly civilized men and women.

This shocking response, of course, was evoked because the silver-haired gentleman so bloodily butchered happened to be the head of a government with whose policies many people differ. Most of these people, particularly in Canada and the United States, do not really comprehend these policies nor the racial situation they were intended to resolve, but even among the relative few who have some knowledge of conditions in South Africa, there are many who believe those policies to be both unworkable and unjust. Yet however doomed and disruptive these policies may be, they do at least represent an honest attempt, by people with long experience of racial problems, to resolve the dilemma of two races, of different color, culture, and political sophistication, sharing a common country.

We believe the solution they arrived at to be oppressive and ultimately self-defeating, but we cannot deny the sincerity with which Mr. Verwoerd and his party espoused it. Surely at least they are not guilty of the hypocrisy of Canada, which prates of brotherhood but restricts colored immigration; of the United States, which freed its slaves a hundred years ago but still denies them equal rights; of Britain which claims no color bar but lets its colored people fester in ghettos.

We have so distorted our concept of racial equality that we have come to believe that murder is no longer murder if it involves a racial or political opponent; how shocked we would be if European delegates to the UN celebrated the murder of a colored statesman at a champagne supper! This is just the traditional color bar in reverse; a sort of inverse discrimination. The fact is that true brotherhood recognizes no color factor; a man is what he is, regardless of skin color. A gentleman is a gentleman the world around, whatever the shade of his skin, and to any gentle man the murder of his fellow man is a shocking crime.

September 12, 1966

THE MULTI-RACIAL STATE

One of the most cherished beliefs of our enlightened democracies is that, given tolerance and understanding and intelligence, peoples of different races and colors can coexist happily in the same nation, the same society, and even in the same building, intermarrying and eventually producing a mixed generation in which racial differences will be forgotten. Such a belief is inherent in our Christian concept of the brotherhood of man, and our democratic notions of equality, and so convinced are we of its "rightness" that we

are wholly committed to its implementation in our society and determined on its success. Yet, on reviewing the experiences of the past, the conditions of the present and the prospects for the future, the most sanguine cannot but admit that our premise of a practical "plural society" is a false one, and that attempts to achieve it must eventually destroy our civilization itself.

The plain truth is that never, in all the long history of man, have two contrasted races been able to co-exist on an equal basis in a single society, save under an alien rule. In Imperial Rome, for example, a common fealty to, or enslavement by, a Roman overlord enabled a multitude of varied races to share a single society, but the moment that alien rule was removed, racial rivalry reasserted itself. Similarly, in the British Commonwealth, where dreams of a world family of races were fostered by a peaceful multi-racial Empire owing a common allegiance to the Crown, the removal of British rule has inevitably and invariably been followed by a re-assertion of racial rivalry, whether in backward Africa or in relatively-advanced Malaysia and India. Races can only co-exist peacefully when one is the unquestioned dominator of the other; the moment that dominance dissolves into anything resembling parity, rivalry inevitably asserts itself. Indeed, Canada provides a classic instance; a basically peasant French community co-existed with a dominant English establishment for two hundred years, but racial rivalry is now aroused by the prospect of parity.

Such conflict is greatly inflamed, and more sharply defined, by the differences of color in Africa, Asia, Britain, and above all, in the United States. The racial enslavement which created these plural societies, and the economic servitude which perpetuated them, are no longer acceptable to the aroused conscience of an enlightened community, yet it must be apparent, from even the most cursory study, that the multiracial mixing we so blandly propose is simply not a practical proposition, however attractive in theory. The only workable solution acceptable to our sensibilities would seem to be the creation of relatively homogenous racial states,

with separate sovereignty, within the United States, and the return of Asians and Africans from Europe and Britain to their country of origin. Whatever the hardship and expense of the mass evacuations involved – from Britain, for example – it would be a small price to pay for an end to the racial conflict which now menaces the survival of civilisation itself.

October 23, 1968

IN BLACK AND WHITE

The African negro is at least the equal of the white man in many respects, and in some he is clearly superior; his innate rhythm and exquisite sense of timing make him a superb natural athlete, for example. But in one vital field of human endeavour, the organization and management of a progressive community, he is unquestionably still markedly inferior to his more sophisticated white contemporary, who has had the benefit of more than a thousand years of experience and the stimuli of an invigorating climate and a challenging environment in evolving his political and economic institutions.

This is fact, plain and undeniable. Yet at this most crucial stage in the affairs of Africa and the world, the policies of the West are based on the completely contrary assumption that the colored populations of civilized colonies are fully capable of running their own show to modern democratic standards, complete with majority rule and toleration of an Opposition. It is this incredible fallacy which has ruined all the "emergent nations" of Africa and is turning a continent back to barbarism and chaos.

The plain truth, of which every traveller is aware, is that colored African administrators and civil servants are not yet as efficient, their politicians as experienced, nor their

electorate as sophisticated, as in western countries; how could they possibly be? Nor are standards of craftsmanship, cleanliness, efficiency of every kind as high as in Europe, America, or the white-run colonial communities; how could they be? Yet, like the courtiers of the children's story pretending to admire the rich garments of their unclothed emperor, western democracy pretends to see the institutions it has evolved over the centuries taking root in the raw jungle soil of Africa, and flourishing there in peoples only a short lifetime removed from savage tribalism.

It just isn't so.

The failure of the black races to govern themselves successfully has nothing to do with skin color or inherent racial inferiority; millions of negroes are responsible citizens of the United States and other great nations. It is simply a matter of time; man's evolution in Africa was thousands of years behind that of Europe, a gap that will take time to close. Even in the West Indies, where an educated middle class has developed over the centuries of colonial rule, standards in native-run islands are still far below those of comparable societies elsewhere.

Civilization, 20th century style, and to western standards, was created and is sustained in Africa today by the white man. Some day the colored population will be capable of maintaining those standards, but at present all they can manage on their own is a grubby and squalid caricature of the real thing; a Haiti, a Liberia, a Ghana, a Tanzania. The deluded and delusive liberalism which blinds us to this undeniable reality at this decisive period of the world's history, is poisoning a continent and sapping the strength of civilization itself.

March 15, 1966

A MERE "ADJUSTMENT"

In human terms, the Biafran war has been tragedy on a massive scale; more than two million lives lost, and a generation unborn as a result of the malnutrition that is the war's inevitable aftermath. Yet in the perspective of history, Biafra's tragedy is but the first of a series of cruel "adjustments" by which Africa's population will be brought into balance with Africa's capacity to sustain life. The shocking reality is that millions more in Africa will die – must die – tragically as Nature's grim balance is restored in a continent reverting to more primitive standards of society after a century-long infusion of western civilization.

It is little realized in the western world that the much-talked-about "population explosion" problem is really confined to the so-called undeveloped areas of Asia, India, Africa, the Caribbean and South America, and in all these areas the basic cause is the same. There, nature had long since established a balance between a teeming birthrate and endemic disease, famine, war and the harsh environment of a primitive society, so that Man lived in balance with the land's capacity to support him. But with the coming of white western civilization, the old balance was totally disrupted; modern medicine and hygiene held disease in check, modern transport ended famine, the rule of law brought an end to tribal massacre and proper standards of nutrition ensured the survival of both the very young and the very old. In Africa, where human life first began, a stagnant society which had existed unchanged for countless ages, without developing so much as a wheel or an alphabet, was suddenly exposed to the blessings of civilized technology and population, freed from its age-old restraints, simply exploded. If mere numbers be the standard, the best thing that ever happened to the black man was the white man; never before has he flourished in such numbers.

Yet the plain fact is that Africa today, like India and much of Asia, is simply unable of itself to sustain such swelling multitudes; without vast quantities of foodstuffs shipped in from outside, and without the expertise and stability of colonial rule, the limited economy and more primitive administration of modern-day native states simply cannot cope with the teeming population of a society in which children are regarded both as status symbols and as security against old age.

Nor can the West itself, with its limited resources, hope to make up the balance indefinitely with relief shipments. It is one thing to send a shipload of wheat or fly in a few planeloads of medicines to succour a few thousand Biafrans, and quite another to sustain countless millions throughout a whole lifetime. It is virtually impossible for Canadians, brought up to regard all mankind as brother, to accept so horrible a prospect, but the blunt truth is that millions of Africans must die miserably in the next few years because more people are still being born there than the continent, and its limited society, can sustain. The globe can grow only so much food; man must learn to limit his numbers or suffer the consequences.

Biafra is only the beginning.

January 19, 1970

Rhodesia, like South Africa and Israel before it, has now been assured of integration into a strong and virile nation by earning itself the enmity of the outside world. For the pioneers of "the new science", those biologists-anthropologists-sociologists who are only now laying bare the animal motivations of human politics, have clearly demonstrated that there is nothing like a hostile neighbour to engender a strong, united nation in peoples who might otherwise quarrel among themselves.

No more dramatic instance of this could be found than South Africa, which only ten years ago was a state on the verge of collapse, with no real link between the Boer and British whites, who despised each other, and the Zulus, Xhosa, Cape Colored, Indians and other colored groups. Yet now, only a few years later, the explusion from the Commonwealth, the aggressive posturing of African neighbouring states and threatening gestures from the United Nations have served to build in South Africa a strong, prosperous, confident nation, a coming power in world affairs and the only nation in Africa assured of stable government. Far from being on the edge of a racial precipice, as it is so frequently depicted in the West, South Africa, by the grace of a pinch of tyranny and generous spoonfuls of "togetherness" induces by the shared enmity of a hostile outside world, is now more healthy, secure and serene than it has ever been, and is well on its way to becoming the world's most prosperous new power.

Israel is a product of the same forces. There, two completely alien peoples, the shiftless, backward Oriental Jew and his energetic, educated western counterpart, have, against all probability, been hammered into a viable,

integrated nation by the enmity of the Arab world. Without the internal amity induced by such a shared external enmity, the "schwarzim" and the western Zionists could never have overcome the enormous cultural gulf between them, and founded a strong, united nation.

Yet if a hostile external environment fosters internal unity in a new nation, it is equally true that a sympathetic environment engenders internal division. It is the well-meant but misguided assistance of an indulgent western world that perpetuates the inherent tribal divisions and individual power struggles within each of the new colored African nations, whose boundaries are survivals of those drawn by European colonialists without any regard to tribal or cultural entities. Such states must inevitably collapse, regardless of any attempts to prop them up from the outside. There is no natural unity inherent in them, nor any shared experience of repelling an aggressive intruder to engender a sense of common citizenship. Such African states are doomed to break up into tribal territories, paper nations "killed with kindness."

If our external policies are to have any relation to reality they should recognize the emergence of Rhodesia and South Africa as the two stable and enduring African states. The repugnance supposedly felt by the West toward their domestic policies should not blind us to the realities of the situation, and it is, in any case, a sentiment more apparent than real, the distaste of a handful of commentators rather than the antipathy of a people.

January 27, 1967

11

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING

There are fourteen million or more of us, and we have built a nation here in this vast country which is the envy of the world, but we have become strangers in our own land. For although we have always though of ourselves as Canadians, our mother tongue is English and in Canada of today, who speaks for us?

We who have always prided ourselves on our individual freedoms and who founded our institutions on the principle of justice for all, are today branded as oppressors of our Quebec brothers and monsters of racial injustice. Every pundit and commentator takes up the cry and heaps scorn and abuse upon us, tyrants that we are, for who speaks for us?

We who, by hard work and enterprise, have built a Canadian economy that is a marvel of its kind are reproached, by those who will not quit the comfortable confines of their home province, of failing to share the wealth of this vast country with them in Quebec, and our governments consider ways of punishing us for our economic temerity, for who speaks for us?

We had thought that we had defended our nation bravely in four wars, but those who would not enlist with us now brand us as war-mongering imperialists and deride our service as worse than waste. Our every institution is ridiculed as a reactionary trapping from a colonial past, and foremost in the ranks of our baiters is the CBC which we ourselves created and subsidized, for who speaks for us? Our flag, our national anthem, the crown; all the tiny symbols, once a treasured part of our national heritage are taken from us and destroyed as symbols of a past once gloried in, but now suddenly become shameful. All the links of brotherhood with the world-wide commonwealth, venerated from our earliest

days in home and schoolroom, are disgraced and spat upon in the strange new land in which we find ourselves, for who speaks for us?

In a world where English has become a universal language, we find ourselves learning French, yet no one insists that our Quebec neighbors might profitably adopt compulsory English in their schools. Our national airline is given a French name and its hostesses, serving a million English-speaking Americans, are fluent only in French. Our railroad is Gallicized, our radio stations spout French to a mystified English-speaking audience, and our politicians demand that we consider Quebec not as a province but as a state, equal to all our other provinces lumped together, and prate of a separate senate for Quebec. For Quebec has identity, vitality, culture; we, the pundits assure us, have none. Les Quebecois, ils sont Canadiens, but who speaks for us?

Our history is sneered at, our statues defaced, our Queen insulted, but we must understand these things as symptoms of Quebec aspirations, we are told. Our leather-jacketed hoodlums are jailed as delinquents, but in Quebec they are interviewed and their banalities widely publicized as socially significant. Corrupt politicians exist only in our world; in Quebec, one comprehends, patronage is a way of life and is of no concern to English pigs like us. For this is Canada, the racial partnership where the partner who contributes least to the defence, the wealth, the vitality of the country must be permitted to take the most out of it in cash allowances, privileges and perquisites. This is the new Canada, and in the inner councils of its governments, in its press, its broadcast media, public and private; in all its vast expanses, who speaks for us?

January 14, 1966

HOW TO KILL CANADA

At a time of re-assessment and change such as Canada is currently undergoing, a good many long-established concepts are overhauled or discarded to bring national institutions more in line with present-day attitudes. This being fundamentally a healthy condition, and the reflection of a heightened sense of national identity, any dissent to the trend of the times is likely to be put down as just so much reactionary grumbling. Yet it is imperative that those well-intentioned and patriotic people in both public and private life who are currently pressing for the "Canadianizing" of every aspect of our society should realize the great risk they run of actually destroying the very thing they seek to exalt; our national identity. For if proposals now current are adopted as official policy, English-speaking Canada must inevitably become a part of the United States and Quebec an isolated northern Haiti or Guadeloupe.

If Canada is to maintain its own distinctive identity, it is essential that politicians and public realize that English-speaking Canadians are separated by only a thin curtain of sentiment from their fellow North Americans in the United States, with whom they share an almost identical way of life.

They differ in customs and outlook only in those Canadian institutions which reflect their British heritage; law, government, social standards and, least tangible but most important of all, loyalty to traditions many centuries old. Remove those differences, those "relics from a colonial past," as is now being proposed, and one removes the last barrier to political union of the great English-speaking peoples of North America. One removes also the common heritage shared, up to now, by both English and French-speaking Canadians; the heritage which constitutes almost the only

link between these two peoples and which has bound them together for nearly a century as a single nation. Once the link is broken, what tie remains?

Abolish the monarchy, and the parliamentary system of which it is the head, and offer instead a republican government with a president, and how would the Canadian differ from his American neighbor? For the Canadian who already feels at home in Buffalo and Chicago, who drives an American car and works for an American-owned company, who watches American TV on an American-made set, reads American magazines and eats American food; is such a man likely to ignore the enormous attraction of such common interests in order to throw in his lot with a people of different race, language and religion, if he no longer shares with them a common tradition of parliament and monarchy?

We Canadians, both English and French-speaking, are masters of a magnificent habitation in which we have lived together for nearly a hundred years. In our desire to renovate the old home to 20th century ideas of style and comfort, let us be careful not to remove the mortar which holds the whole thing together.

February 12, 1965

THE ONLY UNITY LEFT

The militant Quebecois, rioting against any English-language teaching in Montreal's St. Leonard district have, curiously enough, a great deal in common with the exponents of a Maritimes state and a Western regional entity in other parts of Canada. They are all proof that Canada has never been, is not now, and is unlikely ever to be, a bicultural, bilingual state, and they are all symptomatic of the growing national malaise brought on by attempts to act like one.

However well-intentioned, the move to save Confederation by attempting to implement a policy of offical bilingualism was doomed from the very start by the failure of its proponents to recognize one vital fact. Canada is not a single state inhabited by two principal peoples, spread across the land; if it were, bilingualism and biculturalism could well be a sane and practicable policy for producing a common sense of community in both cultures. Instead, Canada is divided geographically into two cultures; by far the largest part shares an English-speaking culture, whatever the ethnic backgrounds of the inhabitants, while the French-speaking people are almost wholly confined to the single region of Quebec, the few pockets elsewhere having to be sustained artificially from complete absorption into the English-speaking community about them. As a result of this division into two entirely regional cultures, the attempt to introduce the alien language into each of the regions is bound to be unwelcome and, in the case of the English-speaking section which constitutes the vast majority of Canada, totally impractical. However acceptable and indeed, welcome the acquisition of French may be as a cultural advantage to English-speaking men, women and children, it is nonsense to expect that it could ever become practicable to transact, in a

language largely regarded as an academic exercise, the business of legislature, law or commerce of a world where English has become a universal language.

The result of a federal policy of deliberate denigration of Canada's British hertiage and the substitution of the new concept of a bicultural nation, symbolized by the Maple Leaf flag, has been a mounting hostility in Canada's East and West toward the new concept, and toward the Ontario-Quebec axis from which it originated. Unless the bilingual policy is modified, both East and Weat may well secede. In Quebec itself, the bilingual nation dream has never caught on; indeed, the Maple Leaf flag, tolerated elsewhere with indulence, is in Quebec rejected with contempt as the symbol of a "Franglais" abhorrent to French-Canadian pride.

The only viable Canadian unity today is that of English-speaking Canada; if even this is not to be lost the abdication of Quebec must be recognized and some agreement arrived at which will allow an English-speaking Canada to grow in partnership with a separate, but friendly, French-speaking neighbour. Businessmen long ago recognized Quebec trends, and English-speaking business is in full flight from its former bastion of Montreal. It is time our politicians faced reality, too, and devoted themselves to preserving the only Canadian unity possible; that of English-speaking Canada.

September 15, 1969

12

THE PRESS

REMEMBER MACLEAN'S ?

The virtual disappearance of Maclean's, once Canada's national magazine, has been noted here before; this unfortunate journal has shrunk in stature as it has in physical size, so that is has become a pale and wasted shadow of the magazine that was once a feature of most Canadian households from coast to coast across this vast and varied land. Once it was the country's pride, as wholesomely Canadian as maple syrup or MacIntosh Reds; today it has become as petty and precocious and puerile as the little coterie of urban swingers whose taste and interests it attempts to reflect.

To the many Canadians who have grown away from this increasingly shallow and pretentious publication, the news of a change of editor must come as welcome news. Whoever the new editor will be, he can hardly help but be an improvement on the former incumbent.

Not to put too fine a point on it, Maclean's has become an appalling magazine, unworthy of the great name it perpetuates and the legisative concern its plight has aroused in Ottawa. It is irrevelant to consider its virtues and shortcomings in detail; its cardinal fault is that it has lost touch with the Canadian public it once served so well, and has become a purely parochial publication whose outlook reflects its Toronto origins. To some degree, nations may be said to have a sex, and to that degree Canada is male, and exhibits mostly masculine characteristics. Maclean's, by contrast, is almost totally feminine, full of bright chatter and naive soul-searchings; one wonders whether the magazine requires a men's room for its staff.

If there is ever again to be a real national magazine in this increasingly regionalised country, it will probably have to be

published outside the Toronto-Montreal axis, preferably by someone with a few hairs on his chest to match the brains in his head. Judging by its performance in recent years, it is unlikely to be called Maclean's.

September 5, 1969

MEDIA'S FATAL FLAW

Although the hearings of the special senate committee on mass media are continuing, it is unlikely that they can do much to improve the condition which is being increasingly viewed with misgivings by many thoughtful newspapermen.

This is the distorted impression of the world about him conveyed to the reader by the nature of news itself. For it is the unusual, the disturbing, the bizarre with which news concerns itself, not the normal, the routine, the commonplace, and the sum total of the daily compilations of the unusual which a newspaper or newscast represents can hardly provide the public with a balanced view of the state of society.

The distortion inherent in our standard of news values has been greatly aggravated in recent years by the practice of "confrontation," by which the media deliberately seek out advocates of the most extreme and violent views to lead calculated assaults on the complacency of the public. Originating with television producers, but now common in varying degrees to all media, this practice is piously defended as an airing of views in the public interest; in fact, it is conflict carefully contrived for conflict's sake, in which extremes of viewpoint are deliberately sought in an escalating competition to jolt a jaded public. In such an atmosphere, emphasis inevitably is on the outre and the extreme; and voice of the responsible is lost amid the clamor of the dissident.

This is a situation prevailing throughout the western world, but it is perhaps most acute in Britain, where an unbalanced and irresponsible use of the media is engendering public attitudes increasingly founded on delusion and unreality. Here in Canada the cult of controversy has fostered the myth of youth as an entity distinct from normal society, and inculcated it with a wholly contrived set of aims and values. It has poisoned relations between child and parent, student and teacher, school and taxpayer. It has encouraged, where it has not originated, a breakdown of every established social concept, from the Christian ethic to the rule of law, and by providing a platform for the most irresponsible and the least representative, it has assiduously promoted any differences between French and English-speaking Canadians and the fragmentation of the Canadian nation. So fierce has the competition for controversy become that the most callow and criminally irresponsible radical agitator can be courted by competing media to air his virulent views, or parade his acts of senseless violence as triumphs of social justice.

By traditional measurement of news value, the charge and the accusation must rank higher in interest than the denial or the explanation; the attack on society is news, the defence is not. How can media governed by such standards reflect a true image of the society they profess to mirror? In media so clamorous with controversy, who can hear the quiet voice of reason?

February 9, 1970

TORONTO WALLOWS IN WOE

Canadians, both French and English-speaking, are not by any means the neurotic, self-doubting, worried people they are represented to be in Canadian magazines, television commentaries and newspaper columns. The trouble is that all Canada's so-called "national" media – the CBC, the trade papers, Maclean's Magazine, Saturday Night, the principal newspaper and radio commentators – are based in Toronto, and the atmosphere in which they operate is peculiar to that city. For Toronto is the mecca of the professional controversialist, the fellow with the perpetual chip on his shoulder, and as a result all the bellyaching normally spread across a vast nation has become concentrated in Toronto, a sort of Babylon of bind. From all across the country they troop into Toronto to join the Bertons, the Sinclairs, the Cohens and the Katzes and swell the chorus of complaint.

"What's wrong with Canada?" shrieks one, while "Canadian men are lousy lovers" proclaims another and "Canadian parents eat their young" reveals a third. In Toronto, controversy–or what passes for controversy–is the breath of life to writer and broadcaster alike; self-appointed crusaders to a man, they count the day lost in which no cherished illusion is shattered, no ancient faith debunked, no greatness denigrated, no integrity impugned. Since there is just not enough domestic controversy around to sustain such a high-powered corps, the enterprising sensation-monger must needs go further afield, finding a little apartheid in South Africa, a bit of race rioting in Mississippi, a little bush-league Naziism across the border to help sweeten the pot and keep the public – the Toronto public, that is – in a perpetual cold sweat.

As the result of all this caterwauling, Canada's national media present a distorted image of the nation whose interests they are purported to reflect. A small-town nation is constantly afflicted with a big-city diet of disaster dredged up from anywhere; nobody knows the trouble the CBC sees.

It's time some of the so-called "national" media came out from behind those briefcases and horn-rimmed spectacles and got out to have a look at the country that lies out there beyond the Yorkdale Plaza and the Golden Mile; the country that is Canada. Maybe the CBC should pack its beards and berets off to a new home in London or Guelph, say, and Maclean's might recapture its old touch from a new base in Edmonton or Winnipeg. But so long as those fellows are content to hole up in The City and take one another's pulse, they can't expect Canadians to regard them seriously as reflectors of the national image. It's a pretty lively country they write about all right, with all those neuroses and complexes and problems, but it sure isn't Canada.

November 18, 1964

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

The freedom of every man to publish his views in print, is, like the freedom to speak, one of the accepted hallmarks of a free society. That the government of any free nation should seek to limit such freedom, and grant it as a privilege to those of a specified nationality, is as unthinkable as that the right to worship be limited to Presbyterians or the right to vote to members of the Liberal party.

Yet incredible as such limitations of traditional liberties may appear, they have been undertaken by the government of Canada, which is proposing to make it economically impossible for any save a Canadian citizen to publish a news-

paper in Canada. Apart from the obvious inability of such legislation to achieve the desired Canadian control of Canadian newspapers–for what is to prevent foreign capital from operating through a Canadian "front man?" – the denial of an accepted universal freedom to all save a few on narrow nationalist grounds is an affront to every libertarian principal to which Canada subscribes.

The right to publish, as well as to speak, one's views is an inherent part of our democratic system, embodied, together with the public's right to be informed, in what is called "the freedom of the press." It is every man's right to protest against injustice or to advocate a cause in print, and nothing in the development of the newspaper as big business has changed its traditional role as the voice of individual conscience.

The limitation now proposed is one of nationality; since this is Canada, one must be an accredited Canadian citizen to publish. Might it not as easily become religious; since this is a Christian country, only Christians may publish? Or economic; since ours is a capitalist society, only property owners may publish? Surely it is apparent that all such qualifications are intolerable; freedom to publish is a universal liberty, to be accepted or rejected in its entirety as a matter of fundamental principle.

The spirit and genius of the age impel us toward the concept of One World; of mankind bound for a common goal, enjoying a common dignity and freedom. Love of liberty transcends mere national considerations; as a signatory of the Human Rights Declaration of the United Nations, Canada is pledged to extend "freedom to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers." (Article 19) to every man, regardless of color, race or creed. Yet is she now to restrict such freedom within her own boundaries to those approved by the government of the moment?

The urge to legislate against any number of potential evils is almost irresistible to governments in power. Yet experience

has proven, again and again, that the free democratic system which they seek to protect is itself the best defence, capable of almost unbelievable resilience and adaptability. Certainly this is the case in the present instance; the best way to preserve a free and representative press is to leave it alone. Individual papers can specify, as the government should not, who may control their destinies; the Times of London and the Free Press publications of Winnipeg are examples of papers that have taken steps to ensure against control of their companies passing to outside interests. But while it is fit and proper for any established journal to thus maintain its continued identity of interest, it is intolerable that a government should deny to any man his right to publish, if he chooses, or grant it as a privilege to those of approved nationality, creed, or political persuasion.

The press being a mirror of the society it serves, only a free people can ensure a free press.

September 8, 1965

BOOKS FROM LANCELOT PRESS, WINDSOR, N.S.

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